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Society.

RIGHT.

BY BENJAMIN BROWN FOSTER.

I hear below on the pavement
The falling of passing feet,
And a ray from a stranger's lantern
Closes up from the lonely street,
And moves, like a ghost, through my chamber,
So silently and so fleet.

It is gone, and I am silent
Alone in my darkened room;
And a gloom fills through my spirit,
Then leaves it to grief and gloom;
For I think of my boyhood's darling,
And then of her marble tomb.

The above graceful lines, written for the Knickerbocker by one of our contributors, have raised from another contributor of "Old Times" the following verse upon

RIGHT.

I hear through the drooping vine-leaves
That over the lattice lie,
The bathered minstrels' carol sweet
Galeate the eastern sky,
As the goddess unlocks the gates of day,
And the waking world rolls by.

It has ceased, but the notes still linger
Upon the fragrant air;
And the gentle lesson is left behind
To teach us everywhere,
To welcome the dawn of Heaven's light
With the melody of prayer.

A Good Story.

LOVE AND MONEY: Or the Hero's Ward.

BY HERBERT GRAHAM.

It was, no names were given, no matter
where—but it was somewhere and somewhere
that a young man of about five and twenty
soumers' ripening, threw himself down upon
some luxuriant grass that was waving under
a balmy silver-wreathed hawthorn hedge, and
looked around him.

What was he like that thus looked? And
what did he look upon?

To begin with his own likeness. A light
elastic figure, very carelessly attired in a
Flemish frock, with a slouching broad-brimmed
straw hat, is all the description we shall
give of his personal paraphernalia. This hat
being very disrespectfully and regardlessly
cast on the green sward, discovered the face
which it had shadowed to be of an originally
pale complexion, baked in the sun, a high,
though somewhat receding forehead, too im-
aginative to be very judgmental, and a pair
of intensely meaning eyes of English grey,
full of dark light, shining out of the midst
of a very poetical shadow which bespake ab-
stracted, dreamy, reveries, castigies, studies,
and the midnight lamp. A portfolio, portu-
ble case, and japanned color-box, were all
strung around, from which our readers may
infer, if they please, that our hero was an
artist.

Well, so he was; and there he lay, with
his intellectual eyes pouring upon a pile of
building which stood half buried and sunken
in an unbarren ditch, almost concealed
in its deep seclusion, but which an opening
was partially discovered to his gaze.

"Good! good!" said the painter to him-
self; "fine—effective—most pain it. How
beautifully does that first streak of light
break through the waving of the trees, flick-
ering, fluctuating, fluttering, dancing, like the
gambolling of a fairy over the walls! Rich
tone, deep, poetical—make a fine picture!—
How much finer is nature than imagination! Who
could have invented those thousand
variations of sun and shadow? Admirable
place—magnificent effect—splendid building
—just after my own heart!"

Now this splendid building which was just
after the artist's own heart, was neither more
nor less than old tumble-down, crumby, rickety,
tipping, toppling, shaky, wind-rocked tenement,
in which the wind, the owls, and the
bats might hold their evening promenade

concerts with no other fear but merely that
of tumbling down their threes. The few
panes of glass which still inhabited their
primitive positions in the ancient rocks
and rattled with great energy, but most of
the apertures intended originally for the
introduction of light had an cargo of mis-
shapen boards laid across them, which, while
they prevented internal scenes, might them-
selves be thought externally ugly—at
least, in any other eyes than those of our
artist; he, however, saw beauty in moss-grown
boards, something of the picturesque in broken
tiles, taste in prostrated elegance, elegance
in broken railings, embellishment in overthun-
ed, unhinged gates, adoration in the fringes
of grass festooning the broken pavement,
neatness and nicely in the lastings of cloth
laid over the wounds of wagons, and, in
short, everything that was delightful in the
dreary, solitary dwelling.

Actuated by this ardor of imagination, our
artist sprang to action and his easel, and, hav-
ing arranged his easel, spread out his paper,
pointed his pencil, and liquidated his colors,
proceeded forthwith to draw off certain
ground lines, and lines to the point of sight
and lines for the horizon, and lines up and
lines down, and lines angular and lines ser-
pentine, and we know not what other sort of
lines, and then to dabble and splash in a sea
of sky and a river of lead, make a zeal and
energy perfectly edifying.

But while thus employed there came hob-
bling up to him from the home-yard, a cer-
tain squatting old woman, dressed in a cap
of the date of Noah before it flood, not af-
ter when the fashions changed, and a gown
of the time of Methuselah, all matted and pro-
voked a costly treasure to the inquiry, both in
natural attractiveness and trivial decorative-
ness.

Our artist did not see the approach of this
amiable being until her shadow fell upon his
paper and her voice upon his ears.

"Master has sent me to warn you off; you
are trespassing on his grounds."

The artist lifted up his beaming eye, and
fixed it upon the old woman with a gaze of
directed admiration.

"Why, what a place have I fallen into!"
exclaimed the artist in soliloquy. "Never
so lucky in my life; such a noble study
of a building, and such a splendid specimen
of a woman. My dear, good, good, pray, pray,
stand still. There now—just a that attitude!
Capital! capital! I must have a sketch—
Never, never, was in such luck!"

So, leaving the portrait of the house, our
artist began with the rapidity of lightning, to
take the portrait of the woman.

"You're to go away," repeated the old
woman, in still accents; "master orders you
away."

"There, now, that attitude—you dear old
woman, now do stand still! That's it—just so—
nothing could be better—so natural, so un-
studied, and yet so exquisite, characteristic
and effective. I declare it's a my honor I
never saw anybody that I admired so much
in my whole life. Such spirit! such vigor!
such curves! such lines! such energy! such
animation!"

"Why you're laughing at me, and pray
what do you mean by that?" exclaimed the
woman, raising her shrivelled arms, her
mouth falling into new angularities and
curves, and her eyes flashing fury; "pray
what do you see in me to laugh at?"

"Laugh at, my dear creature? why I ad-
mire you above all things! Now don't move
—that's a charming attitude. Stand exactly
so whilst I sketch you. So now, you dear,
enchanting, obliging creature, I declare I
don't know which of your attitudes is the
best, all the expressions are so true!" and
the artist taking not a moment's breathing
time, proceeded to dash off a second likeness
as fast as his fingers could move.

"Draw me—why you don't want to draw
me!"

"Draw you! yes, a dozen times! I never
saw anybody that I admired so much in my
whole life. Why, my dear creature, your
eyes, your nose, your mouth, that *ensemble*,
are exquisite—exquisite!"

"La! there now you don't mean so!" and
as she spoke, the ugliness of anger meted
like snow into the ugliness of vanity.—la!
there now, you don't mean to say that I'm—
I'm! he! he!—handsome!"

"Again another change—why you're my
Iris, I declare I don't know in which of your
looks and attitudes I admire you most. Now
do stand just so—just so, only for one moment.
Don't move now, you dear, good
oul, don't move. I must have you. Don't
lower your head—don't drop your arms—just
so—just so! Capital! exquisite!—you dear,
kind, beautiful, obliging creature.

And there the poor old woman did stand,
the charm of flattered vanity having worked
its full effect, trying not to move a muscle in
her willing pillory, and looking indeed, a fine
specimen of broad farce.

But the artist's sketching was doomed to
a still further interruption. Whilst his pen-
cil was flying over his paper, tracing the lines
of loveliness that stood grinning before him,
there suddenly came up a little crabbish,
crooked, joyless, querulous, discontented,
pinching, starving, ill-favored, lean, emaciated,
discolored, maledewed piece of humanity,
the state of whose temper seemed to be in the
first state of decomposition, by which we
mean that his passions were in a fermenta-
tion.

"In with you, you ugly animal!" exclaimed
the master; "didn't I send you with a mes-
sage, and why, instead of delivering it, do
you stand here? Have you taken leave of your senses?
In with you, I say!"

"Ugly, indeed!" said the artist's beauty,
glancing at her new admirer; "other's don't
think so!"

"Should I have wished for your portrait
had I thought so!" said the artist; "on the
contrary, you have eternally obliged me by
suffering me to sketch you."

"The sweetest gentleman I ever saw," mated
the old dame as she withdrew.

The artist's soul, however, was trans-
ported with new beauties. He had transferred
his admiration from the old woman to the
old man.

"My very beau ideal!" said the artist to
himself; "just what I wanted to complete my
exhibition picture—that picture which I am
trusting to for fame; and here is exactly
the character of countenance which I so much
needed. What intense expression—what
tremulous, doubtful twisting of the muscles
round the mouth; what lines, half curving
and half care, round the corners of his eyes,
and then the one-sided leaning of the head,
the sort of listening to fear, which marks the
attitude, the very angle of his gesture, the
twist of the neck, the stoop of the shoulder,
the bend of the head—what expression in
that head. What a lucky fellow I am to find
myself dropped into such a gallery of origi-
nals. I shall surely now complete my exhibi-
tion picture to my heart's content. The
old man and the old woman are divine. Na-
ture is the best painter after all. I shall copy
her works and win something of her fame—
But how shall I propitiate this dear, delightful,
miserable, cross-grained being?—how
shall I persuade him to sit to me? He would
scorn at me if I were to lay his good looks,
—that case did for the old crone; but I must
shuffle the pack to find another to play with
this attractive piece of repulsion."

"I ordered the old woman to order you
off my premises!" said the little old man, in
a tone of intimidation.

"My dear sir—"
"Don't dear me!"
"I assure you—"
"I'll bring an action against you for tres-
passing. I'll have you taken up for a rogue
and a vagabond!"

"I belong to a somewhat legal-adjuring
profession, I must admit," said the painter
with an unchildlike smile; "but if you have
any love for the arts, you will not despise me
for that. You know the whole assertion of
the muses are somewhat given to vagabonding."

"The stocks! the stocks!" said the little
old man.

"I have been tempted to leave by my ad-
miration of your seat here, sir. It would
have given me much pleasure to have finished
my drawing."

"Perhaps you would like to visit me?"
said the little old man with a smiling smile.

"I should indeed!" responded the artist,
enthusiastically.

"You admire me, no doubt, just as much
as you do my dwelling!"

"More—much more!" exclaimed the
painter energetically. "There is so much
character in your face—so much expression
—so much—so much—"

"Talent?"

"I should be sorry to be accused of flattery,
or I could say a great deal."

"Then you admire me as much as you do
my dwelling. And yet, now, I do say that
in your own heart, you think it but a com-
fortable, rickety, old place. To be sure, if it
were painted, papered and putted—"

"Oh! it would be spoiled!"

"And the windows mended, and the old
boards taken down—"

"It would be ruined—utterly ruined—lose
all its beauties—at least, in an older's eye."

"And, perhaps, you think I am more to be
admired than the dozens of ugly men you
meet with every day!"

"And yet admire me?"

"More than I can express. I would give
the world I might be permitted to paint
you."

"So, so," said the little old man to him-
self, "he hears tell that I'm a rich old miser,
so he praises my humble dove place to please
me, and flatters my person though he thinks
me all the while as ugly as sin. I wonder,
now, if I could make a bargain with him."

"So you admire my phiz?"

"More and more every moment."

"And you would like to paint me?"

"Inexpressibly. I should esteem it the
greatest favor."

"What! for the mere love of doing it?"

"From real admiration of my subject."

"Well, now, you go a long way—you lay
it on well. I suppose you think a good dose
of flattery will put me in the humor to pay
you for painting me. I wonder if you think
I got rich—mind, I don't say I am rich—by
wasting my money on everybody that wished
to buy me."

"I do not wish for your money."

"And yet you'd like to paint me? Now,
master painter, I'm not to be coaxed out of
a single coin, but if you'd like to paint me for
nothing—"

"I should."

"And give me the picture, I'll give you a
bitting!"

"Oh! my dear sir, I wish to retain your
likeness."

"I said you were mercenary—a bargain-
maker. People call me a rich old miser, but
you ought to be called a young one. Who's
to pay me for my nose and the trouble of
making a post of myself? Do you think I'm
going to give myself stiff limbs, and sit to be
skinned at for nothing? No. If you like to
paint me and give my own picture, I don't
care if I make a bargain with you to oblige
you."

"I will paint two portraits," said the artist,
"one shall be my own, and the other the re-
compence of your trouble."

"But I shall have the time and trouble of
double sitting."

"And I of double painting."

"Well, I like to be mercenary, so a bargain."

"A bargain."

"And now you may follow me into the
house."

The painter rose, well satisfied with this
arrangement, and began to collect his itinerant
appendages, which motion having been ob-
served from some corner of some cracked
widow in the mansion, the old lady, whom
he had flattered into favor, came forward to
assist him in carrying his tools of trade into
the house.

Our hero followed the steps of his new
friend over the broken pathway, trampling
down the intersecting grass, and stepping
aside to avoid a prostrate gate which was
stretched superannuated. Its full length on
the ground, degraded from the dignity of
office. The door of the crazy tenement hung
rashly and rattling, and he stepped into a
low hall blackened by time, in which the ma-
ritated banisters of an oak staircase that had
once been proudly carved showed that the
worm was as busy above ground as below.

A door on the right hand stood open, leading
into a species of antechamber, too dark, from
its blocked-up windows, to allow of inter-
nal inspection. A streak of light and his
guide conducted our hero to an opposite por-
tal, into which he blundered his way, to find
himself within the most habitable apartment
of the mansion. This room was panelled
with oak dark with age, surrounded with
carved mouldings. The fire-place, once in-
tended for the consumption of wood, was
deep and spacious, and bore the mark of woman's
care, being filled with an immense jar
of flowers. Over this ample fire-place there
was a deep recess filled with the carved coat
of arms of some forgotten owner of the dwell-
ing, and the same heraldic arms were paint-
ed on the glass panes of some small windows whose
deep embrasures of stone cast out the light, and gave misty shade to the whole
apartment. Some antediluvian chairs, carv-
ed and cumbersome, the bottoms of which were
painted with diverse colors, an old buffet,
a couple of heavy tables with sculptured
legs, claws for feet, and no carpet, and no
cushions, and no anything in the shape of
luxury or ornament, completed the garniture
of the dwelling.

Nothing in the shape of ornament, said
we! We on us, when one of the most glori-
ous pieces of Nature's handiwork was there
—that being whom sculptors strive in vain to
model in marble, painters in vain to dye their
canvases with her ever-varying tints, poetry to
portray with her Iris plaine—woman was
there!

Our artist stepped into the room. His eye
accustomed to the practice of his art, took
in at a single glance the scene and its auxiliaries,
but rested riv

a vein of luck am I in! I thought the old woman a prize, the old man a fortune, and now this dear adorable presents herself as a crowning paragon! Why, what a mine have I sprung! let me only work it well, and fame and fortune must surely follow my hand—What an exhibition picture shall I have!—See how the dim light flickers over graceful undulations of those curls—see how the soft eyes seek the ground—see how the blood maniles—see how the garment undulates—see—”

But “a change came over the spirit of his dream,” and the artist saw the cross-grained old man standing between himself and his vision. The expression of the miser’s face was lit up with light of another kind, and developing, as it did, a new class of beauties, the artist at once changed the object of his attraction, and returned a gaze of malevolent passion with one of ardent admiration.

“The man looks at us all alike,” said the miser malevolently; “art moon-struck man?”

“No, only struck with admiration.”

“First with old Barbara,” said the miser, glancing at her ancientness, who was standing with her arms full of the artist’s drawing appliances.

“Much,” said the artist, with a smiling bow to the vanquished-hearted Barbara, who courtesied to the ground, inevitably delighted.

“And then with me.”

“More,” replied the artist, with another smiling bow.

“And now with Bertha,” said the old man.

“Just,” replied the artist, with a certain devotional movement of his body, and a corresponding expression in his eye, which brought the blood up even with Bertha’s brow.

“Well, no more of this folly! to business! to business!” exclaimed the old man.

So to business they went. The artist crepted his easel, spread out his apparatus, pointed his chalk, and squeezed out his pigment, the old woman all the while assisting to derange his arrangements with delighted officiousness, the old man looking as if he scarcely could tell whether he had made a bad or a good bargain, the young girl hovering round like a gleam of light.

At length all was arranged. The old man submitted to be twisted round and about, first on this side and then on that, his chin a little up, and his nose a little down; profile, full face, side face, then three-quarter face, and, in short, all the divisional proportions of faces were successively tried until the happy fair’s breadth of effectiveness was duly ascertained, and then to his task the artist fell.

Day succeeded day, and each found the artist still at his easel; and whether he painted or not the whole scene was certainly a picture. The gloomy antique chamber, with its out-of-the-world, time-worn furniture, the light streaming through the heraldic glass-stained window, the artist at his easel in his Flemish frock, with his high imaginative forehead, his finely chiselled lip, and his intellectual eye riveted on his subject; the old man looking as if he knew himself to be sustaining an injury; the young girl pretending to be coqueting with a flower, but watching every movement of the painter with absorbed attention, following every motion of his eyes, and ever meeting its beam; the old woman looking as if she had a secret to keep, and glorying in its possession,—saw the whole scene was a picture, whatever the artist might paint.

We said that the old man looked as if he suspected himself to be injured, and that the old woman had the proud look of a *confidante*. Well, both were right, and thereby hangs a tale. The old man was aggrieved, and the old woman an accomplice. She had gleefully entered into a plot with the painter, and this was neither more nor less than to aid and abet him in painting her young mistress whilst he was pretending to paint her old master, keeping the poor man sitting like a post or a poker, whilst he was poring and doting on the beauty of the young girl, and all the while transferring it to his canvas; the old woman carefully concealing the produce of his labor during his temporary absences, and helping him very faithfully to cheat her master, which, together, they did very effectually, entirely without the cognizance of Bertha Singleton.

Poor old gentleman! what a martyr he was, sitting chafing there, and the artist all the while making so little progress in his labors! Never was poor man more persecuted with tediousness—never did artist prove such a dron! Sitting after sitting seemed to produce no marked difference. There was only the vision of an eye, or the shadow of a nose, or the reflection of a complexion, though

hour after hour had been spent in labor. Really, our artist must have found it very hard labor!

“Oh! no; sooth to say, it turned out to be all labor of love, which everybody knows to be light indeed!”

The friendly compact entered into between the painter and the old maid, Barbara, did not, of course, end with its beginning, nor was it confined within the narrow limits of one act of confederacy. The artist had, from the first moment of their acquaintance, found out the key of her heart, and could henceforth unlock it at pleasure. Many a confidential conversation they had together, during which she willingly disclosed to him all that she knew, and all that she did not know, respecting the singular mortal except her master. It appeared that he enjoyed the reputation of immense wealth, and that he was an intense miser. She told him of huge iron-bound chests all stored up in a dark chamber of the old house full of uncountable treasures, which were doomed to everlasting seclusion, and all the while he would not pay for a broken window, and even starved and pinched his household of their daily bread.

As for Bertha, she was nothing less than an angel in disguise (the artist thought not much disguised,) and the old miser would not allow her the value of a new ribbon at Easter, though his cheeks were all the while overflowing with wealth. And then, for a man of his fortune to live in that secluded place, when he might take the beautiful Bertha into a palace, a sin and a shame it was, considering that she was his own flesh and blood, though perhaps a few degrees removed. A strange thing it was that this master of hers had come from nobody knew whither, some fourteen years ago, with his chests and little Bertha, then a chubby child, and had taken up his abode in the old tumble-down house which nobody else would inhabit; and by and by it would, doubtless, fall over his head, and then what good would living in a house rent free do him? And yet never was anybody so respected as her master; everybody paid court to him; everybody made him presents; his establishment was nearly supported by these voluntary contributions; one sent bushels of apples, and another sacks of potatoes; one sent hares, and another hams; pheasants one day, and fowl another; and the more ungracious the master grew the more plentiful presents came. Everybody was looking for a legacy; even she received no wages, but the master had promised to think of her at last, and then Miss Bertha would be a match—and there was a sombrely—

To all this the artist listened with eager attention. So then this humble and distant relation of the old miser was placed far above his position in life, through all her seeming poverty and privations, by the probability of her being a rich heiress, whilst he had nothing but his pencil and imagination on which to depend for fortune, or even for life’s aliment. Strange inconsistency of human consideration, when the master of this crazy tenement by the mere reputation of much-abused wealth, should be thus elevated above one who was at once energetic, industrious, and talented. But so it was, and the circumstance, so far from encouraging his hopes, did much to extinguish them, for, truth to tell, the very imaginativeness and poetry of his temperament had proved but snare to him. Our artist, poor fellow, was far gone in that antediluvian disorder, love.

So of course, by that good, old, well-established rule of contrary, the more he was thwarted the more desperate grew his case. The pride which disdained him with disgust from the bare thought of mercenary motives yet urged on the desires which they coarsened. Our poor artist’s feelings were like fiery steeds, at once lashed and bound by the same thongs.

Still through all the world of intense feeling our hero painted on, though dreading through his labors to approach their end.—The poor artist sighed and looked, and painted; and painted, and looked, and sighed, and was compelled perforce to come to the end of his work, after having inflicted volumes of tediousness on the patience of the much abused old man.

“Not finished yet!” exclaimed the old man, reproachfully. “Why, Master Painter, one would think that this face of mine took more copying than the most voluminous manuscript!”

“There are as many lies in it, and they take even more deciphering.”

“A lengthy affair it seems, but surely it is finished now!”

“To-morrow,” said the artist. “I shall put in the few finishing touches to-morrow.”

“Aye, and finish the wretched master,” muttered the miser; there’s something in this

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that I don’t like—painting—painting—day after day—and looking—looking—at Bertha—day after day—and never finishing—never going away;” and muttering the miser left the room.

“I must leave you, Bertha!” exclaimed the artist, “and with you all the glad hopes of life. The brightness of the brief happiness I have enjoyed in being near you has blinded me to every other good of existence. Fame, fortune, aggrandisement,—these appear to me now but vulgar toys. Oscar-like and privation with you seem to me more than all the world can offer without you. I leave you with blighted hopes and prostrated desires. This world’s lottery holds for me no secondary prize!”

“Then why go?” murmured Bertha, her eyes on the ground, and her cheeks flushed crimson.

“Dear tempter! suggest not a thought of happiness which I cannot buy at the price of honor. You will possess untold wealth—I have nothing but my mind, my heart, and my hand.”

“Above all price!” sighed out Bertha.

“I love you too well to injure you, generous girl!” said the artist. “If Master Singleton forgave, I should be a mercenary; if he forgave not you would be injured.”

“I care not for his wealth,” said Bertha, “but I care for his feelings. Whatever he may be to others, he has been ever kind to me. He took me a beggar-baby to his bosom, and I have owed to him, ever since, my daily bread. I would not forsake him—I would not grieve him—I repeat the thought!”

Bertha and the painter both started, and the old miser stood before them.

“Finish your picture, or take it away unfinished, only begone!” said the old man.

“Bertha, come you with me.”

The artist, with a heavy sigh, proceeded to pack up his pigments. He seemed to be awakened from the happiest dream of his life, to be torn away from the most glorious vision of his imagination, to be wrenched from the best hopes of his heart. Henceforth his heretofore pleasant labors seemed to him but joyless drudgery, and the ends and desires but petty gauds. The fame which he had grasped at so hotly appeared no more than a shadow, the wealth he had coveted so strongly but base, feigned coin.

And, while thus preparing for departure from all that the acquaintance of a few weeks had made him most prize, the atmosphere itself seemed to sympathize with his sorrow.—The heavens grew dark, the rain pored down a deluge, the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed.

In the midst of this exhibition of Nature’s temper, the echo of a horse’s hoof became distinguishable amid the pauses of the storm, the bustle of an arrival was heard, and in another minute’s time our hero was disturbed from his gloomy contemplations.

A tall, well-formed, masculine man, enriched by about five-and-thirty years’ experience of the world and its ways, with a considerable portion of what that world would have esteemed masculine beauty, entered the room abruptly, with a riding-whip in one hand, a hat drenched with rain in the other, and a coat, from which bowed a hundred little rills of trickling dew.

“Barbara! old Barbara! here, take this gear of mine, and let it be dried—that is, if the kitchen of my good friend Master Mark Singleton, boasts fire enough; if not, barn some of the old banisters, and go and tell your master that I am bare and want a welcome, and fetch pretty little mistress Bertha too—I want a hospitable greeting out of such inhospitable weather—and look you, old housewife, don’t look so cross—it makes you all the uglier.”

The old woman cast a look of withering disapprobation on the new comer, a look of tender commiseration on her old admirer, and hobbled on her various errands.

“So, so, what have we here!” exclaimed the new comer; “a picture of Master Mark Singleton, by some travelling sign-post painter.—Going to put up a new house of entertainment!—the sign of the rich old miser’s head, eh?”

The artist lifted up his true eyes with an air of conscious superiority, and as if he were wholly invulnerable to any vulgar apprehension.

The new comer felt himself in the presence of a mental superior, but rebelled at the consciousness. He bit his lip, lashed his own boots with his riding-whip, and walked impatiently about the apartment.

Some little time elapsed in this fretful impatience on the part of one of the gentlemen, and painful incertitude on the other, but, at length, the old miser and the young girl came. The old man looked irritated and excited; Bertha’s eyes bore traces of passionate tears.

“My good friend,” said the stranger, “I have come to trespass on your well-known hospitality again. My sweet Bertha, a smile is more flattery than a tear.”

“A smile at meeting, a tear at parting,” murmured Bertha, and the artist thanked her with his eyes.

“Go to your chamber, Bertha,” said the old man. “Master Austin, I would have speech of you, as well now as any time; please to follow me.”

The old miser led the way, and the stranger followed. Taking the lamp from Barbara’s hand, he proceeded along the old passage and creaking corridor, now up a few steps, and now down a few more, through the rusty, rusty impurities of the ancient dwelling. At length, having arrived at the end of a long passage, he drew out a rusty key, and, having turned it in the lock, pushed open a heavy door, passed into an antechamber, unbarred and unlocked another portal, entered, admitted his visitor, and then carefully closed himself and his guest within the dreary chamber.

In a sort of puzzled, wondering silence, Master Austin he followed, and, with the same feelings strong upon his mind, now gazed around him. The solitary light but faintly dispelled the gloom of the dreary chamber, the dusky discolored walls of which looked frowningly upon them; not a vestige of furniture relieved the desolation that reigned around, but swallows hung flickering down from the broken ceiling, and here and there the mouldering flooring had crumbled into holes. Nevertheless, the apartment did possess a peculiar feature. It was tenanted by two or three black, iron-bound, clumsy, unsightly chests, on one of them the miser placed his lamp, and turned round to survey the countenance of his guests.

“Master Austin,” said the miser, “it is time that you and I should understand each other. Whether we are considering whether the fruit be ripe, another may step in and pluck it.”

“Master Singleton,” returned the visitor, casting his eye upon those all-important chests, which seemed as weighty in consideration as in appearance, “I rejoice to hear the result of your final consideration of my suit. You know that I love your pretty Bertha honestly and disinterestedly, and shall only be happy to endow her with my own name and substance.”

“I am now *an*,” said Master Singleton, and would have the girl the wife of an honest man. *Is this*, *says* *me* *to* *think* *that* *the* *reputation* *of* *wealth* *had* *gained* *her* *a* *husband*, *when* *of* *own* *inherent* *attractions* *had* *not* *won* *her* *a* *heart*?

“Can you think my disinterestedness?” exclaimed the miser. “I who despise filth and lucre! I, who care not for wealth! I, who, besides, who have enough of my own?”

“Aye, there *is*,” replied the old man, “you have a fair estate, and ought not to covet gold with a wife.”

“I despise it!—I despise it!” said the miser; “I only wish that you had nothing, that so I might prove my singleness of purpose.”

“Then you would court my Bertha were she a beggar?”

“As I do now.”

“And what if she should never have a farthing?”

An expression of alarm passed over Austin’s face.

“Nay, nay, for no man—fear not. All that I have, be it much or be it little, will be Bertha’s, and Bertha shall be yours. I have made up my mind entirely. But I will give you nothing now—nothing, I declare, not even a solitary ten thousand!”

“It would be such a convenience—such a convenience,” declared the miser.

“No, no, not a farthing. I will prove your disinterestedness—till I die, wait till I die—time enough then—time enough then; meantime you have enough and to spare. You have promised a thousand times that it was Bertha, and not *my* gold, which you desired, Bertha you may have now, let the gold come afterwards.”

The suitor looked first at the chests, and then at the old man.

“Aye, aye, look, look, weigh, weigh, they are heavy, and I am old. Now, bark you, Christopher Austin, I will not give you a coin, a farthing, a pocket piece, whilst I am alive, but the very day on which you marry Bertha I pledge myself to bequeath to you those chests, just as they stand—too heavy for you to move—so every atom they may contain—and, in turn, they hold every iota that I call my own. On your wedding day I make my will.”

The eyes of the miser glistened, as they rested on the sight of the ungainly, iron-bound chests, and he explained, “I close with your offer, my dear sir, I am wholly disinterested, as you say me.”

“I do see,” replied the old man, and his eyes also wore a peculiar expression.

The miser and his guest, having arranged the speedy fulfilment of their compact, returned to the usual sitting room, where they had left the artist. He was still there, spell-bound more than weather-bound, for though the storm continued to rage, and the rain seemed to threaten to wash away, and the wind to blow away, the crazy tenement, he knew little of these meteorological facts, lingering on, in the hope of catching another glimpse of Bertha, of gaining another syllable, of uttering a few more words either of despair or consolation, he knew not which, and so still he lingered despite the grudging hospitality which afforded him no more than unwelcome shelter and a stay on sufferance.

But Bertha came no more, and the night waned. At length some early and gaudy arrangement was entered into between the miser and his guests. The old man went to his own pillow, Christopher Austin was conducted to some apology for a bed, which Barbara unwillingly submitted to extemporize, and the artist was left to pass the night in his chair.

Now, it is one of the peculiarities of imaginative people, in some measure, to enjoy new combinations of circumstances, however comfortless they may be. It was the last time that the artist thought to behold that apartment which had been the scene of that new-born happiness which he had hugged to his heart, and, therefore, was every particle of its parts sanctified to his feelings. He gazed on every inanimate object, committing the very minutiae of its shape and form to memory associating every thought with Bertha, only Bertha. There was the chair on which she sat; these the flowers which she had gathered; her the book which she had read; these the embroidery which she had plied. To these the artist’s heart wandered; but who can follow the wanderings of the heart?

The artist’s lamp flickered, fluctuated, expired; it mattered little, the vision only became internal poetry, passion, imagination, the splendid things of art, all passed before him in glowing panoramas. Aye, in the solitude, darkness, silence, dreariness, the intellectual mind still holds its feast.

The storm still raged, the old easements rattled, the wind sighed and moaned through a thousand cracks and crevices, and the decrepit house tottered, trembled, and rocked again.

But what sound was that which came shrilly mingling with the wailings and moanings of the storm? Was it the expression of human agony—the shriek of human fear—the wild anguished cry of human despair?

Our artist sprang to his feet, at once awaked from his reverie. He felt his way out of the dark chamber, penetrated through the still darker antechamber, found himself in the antiquated hall, bounded by the worm-eaten staircase, while cry upon cry both gnawed and goaded him on, rushed across a crazy corridor, and in fact, trod precisely the same path which the old miser and Master Christopher Austin had trod the night before, finding himself, at last, precisely on the same spot where the two had driven the iniquitous bargainer.

And here what a sight presented itself! Those chests, the reputation of which had gained for the old man the semblance of respect on every side, both from rich and poor, were now wrenched open, and their hoarded treasures strewn over the floor. The unhappy miser, his worn body stretched across one of them, was struggling in the grasp of a ruffian, whilst another with a huge bludgeon in his hand, was apparently in the act of silencing his shrieks forever.

“Villains!” exclaimed the old man, “release me!”

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men, the very peasants would help us to hang thee on a tree for thy deception,—the very magistrates would rejoice to find the card.—Deceitful villain, these stones are thy gold; they were thy only friends, and thou hast none other. We will brain thee with thine own sham gold—we will brain thee with thine own base wealth!" And, saying thus, the infuriated ruffian—infuriated most for being disappointed, took up one of the large stones, of which the railed chests seemed full, and aimed as though he would have dashed out the old man's brains.

But he was arrested in the action. A strong grasp was on his throat, and he was suddenly hurled to the other side of the room, whilst our artist followed on his advantage by wrenching the bludgeon out of the second ruffian's hand, and striking him senseless to the ground, on which the first, seeing the fate of his companion hastened to escape.

A cry of joy, such mad, wild, frenzied joy, as but seldom has rung upon mortal ear, broke from the lips of the old man.

"My deliverer! my benefactor! my saviour!" exclaimed the old miser, gasping for breath.

"But how is this? What is all this?" asked the painter.

"The ruffians they dragged me from my bed to unlock my treasures; but they were deceived; like Master Christopher Austin, they thought to impose on me, but I had been too deep for them;" and the old man chuckled with malignant exultation.

"Stones, not gold!" said the artist, looking at the contents of those far-famed chests.

"Aye, stones," said the old man. "Hark you good youth, you have saved my life, and I will pay you with caudor. Hitherto in thine ear, I am a beggar; thou couldst have gained nothing by marrying my Bertha. I love thee, and I am grateful in some sort, and I will owe to thee my long hoarded secret, my only hoard, saving these stones; I am a beggar, but I am a shrewd man, I know the tempests of the world; I could not work, I could make nothing of it, so I made my bargain with its avarice. Instead of being a poor miser, I assumed the character of a rich one. I came here where nobody knew me; my sole fortune those old chests, filled as you see, is all he! The reputation of wealth did quite as well as its possession, everybody looked for a legacy. The hope gave me a house to live in, bread to eat, a servant to wait upon me—I might have begged a dry crust in vain—and the hope of future wealth has ready got for my Bertha a rich husband—rich, though the man takes her in the hopes of more—but I have made a good bargain for her, I was too sharp for him, hehe! He'll never know how cleverly I managed, shrewd as he is, till I'm in my grave—I could almost laugh at him from thence, but hark! Aye, he can come to help me when I need him not."

And as he spoke Christopher Austin, half-dressed, Bertha hastily shawled, and old Barbara in her night gear, handsomer than ever, came rushing in.

"What's the matter, old friend?" exclaimed Bertha's suitor; "what tumult is this?"

"I might have been murdered were you had come to help me!" returned the old man doggedly.

"And robbed!" exclaimed Austin, anxiously—"and robbed! I hope and trust you are not robbed, at least to any amount. I always said it was the most stupid thing to keep such treasures in such a shake-down house.—But what have we here? Stones!" And Austin paused and looked on the old miser, and as he gazed the truth seemed to break it upon his mind. "So, so, these chests contained all you were worth in the world—they should be mine if I would wait patiently for your decease—you would secure them to me on my wedding day. Why, thou art a cheat! thou base hypocrite! thou low dissembler! thou rank imposter! thou—thou—I could murder thee myself in my just indignation—I wish those good fellows had not failed. Thou wouldest have trepanned me, doped me, cheated me, palmed upon me thy beggarly girl for a wife. Pretty Miss Bertha, a narrow escape have I had. I leave you to judge somebody else." And saying thus, Master Christopher Austin made his exit from the room and from our tale.

The neighborhood of the old mansion wondered after that night that no signs of life were discernable within it. No master Misser, no maid Barbara, no pretty Bertha, were seen hovering about; after a while the house was broken open, but not a trace of its inmates was discovered. This mysterious disappearance was a nine days' wonder, but at length it faded into a tradition, a tale to be told by the winter hearths of the people round. The old mansion, however, was never more inhabited.

Still they go.

Eight or ten young men, citizens of Foxcroft and Dover, left their homes for California on Wednesday of last week.

Owing to some villain moving the switches from their proper place on Tuesday morning, the freight train from Boston was partly thrown from the track, near the Cape Elizabeth Junction, and George Milliken, fireman, was seriously injured. \$500 reward has been offered for the detection of the scoundrel who perpetrated the act.

A likely and industrious Irishman named Keefe was drowned at Lewiston last week by falling into the river, while picking up drift wood. He leaves a wife and family.

The Dover Observer is suspended for want of patronage. The people of Piscataquis ought to sustain at least one local paper.

On Saturday some thieves entered the stores of L. Pillsbury, Lewiston, and stole \$500 worth of shoes.

Howbeit, in our great metropolis there dwelleth an artist who could, if he would, disclose some further particulars of the incidents connected with the old dwelling, but we suppose he is now too happy to take much trouble for happiness, whatever may be said, is a very selfish thing. He has got a very pretty wife, and he is not yet tired of her; there sits an old man in the chimney-corner with a countenance so very smiling, that if the crooked lines of difficulty were traced upon it they must have been erased with the artist's India rubber, and those smiles are beaming on a little cherub, who is climbing his knee. An old servant called Barbara, is jealously watching the group, whilst a certain artist is busily painting a picture.

Matters in Maine.

The Poland Tragedy.

We find in the Lewiston papers a full relation of the recent murder in Poland. The Evangelist gives the following account of the parties concerned in this fearful tragedy—

Mr. Knight is a farmer, about forty, and his wife was not far from thirty years of age. So far as anything that was publicly known before this tragedy, they had lived together peacefully. Mrs. K. was the widow of an older brother of Mr. Knight, and has a large family by her former husband, all of whom are men and women grown. She had been married to Knight thirteen years. Mr. Knight has no children. He lives as far from Poland Corner, and has a fine farm and house, which was the property of his wife, and was left her by her first husband.

From the testimony at the examination it appeared that Mrs. Knight's throat was cut as she lay in bed with Mr. Knight's mother, a deaf old lady of 80. Two children in the house were awakened by her groans, and it was at first supposed she had committed suicide. Upon examination, however, it appeared that some person had entered the house and then escaped through an open window, leaving the prints of bloody hands upon the sill. Mr. Knight left for Gray Corner with a load of shingles on the eveing before, but it appeared that he was six hours in going eight miles, and that his team was standing for some hours in a by-path near his house. When the messenger overtook him in Gray and told him that his wife had committed suicide he merely remarked that he could not believe it, and proceeded to dispose of his shingles, exhibiting no desire to return immediately home. On Wednesday it was thought proper to arrest him, and two young men sent to prevent his escape saw him go near a fence, where he was afterwards found a bloody butcher-knife. Marks of blood were found on his shirt, cart and shingles. At his special request, though against the remonstrances of the deceased's daughters, he was permitted, under the charge of officers, to attend the funeral as a chief mourner. He participated in those solemn acts of reverence for the dead without moving a muscle of his face. The shrieks and wailings of the murdered woman's daughters are described to have been heart-rending. He is now in jail in this city, awaiting his trial before the S. J. Court, in Lewiston, on the fourth Tuesday of January next.

Another minister driven out.—Rev. Mr. Malcolm has been dismissed by his church (Baptist) in Wheeling, Va., on account of "abolition sentiments."

A PROFITABLE OYSTER.—A young man in Syracuse, eating oysters, found in one a pearl worth from ten to forty dollars.

It is calculated that at the rate Macauay proceeds with his history he must live a century and a half to finish it!

A worship of the press is about being established in Spain. Indeed, in no European country, except England, is the press unshackled.

Smelt fishing is now the great amusement in Boston. Four gentlemen on Friday caught in six and a half hours, with poles and lines, one hundred and eighty dozen and four smelts—being 2154 fish!

In Evansville, N. Y., a man drove down to the railroad station, for the purpose of scaring his horse to the locomotive whistle. At the first scream the horse fell down dead in his tracks, the victim of a mortal fright.

The weather-wise are predicting a mild autumn and an open winter, because when the sun crosses the equinox the wind sets from the Southeast, and gave us a warm storm.

Mrs. ROBINSON ON KANSAS.—Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co., have to press a new work on Kansas by the talented Mrs. Robinson, wife of the Free State Governor. It gives a vivid picture of life in Kansas.

SOME PUMPKINS.—In the yard of Wm. H. H. Lyman of Brimfield, Mass., may be seen the products from two pumpkin seeds, this season, as follows: 596 feet of vine and 13 pumpkins weighing 220 pounds.

A gentleman in Oporto has been astonished the natives by walking on the river! He attached to his feet two large boat-fashioned shoes of tin, and thus prepared, accomplished in safety a rather long "tramp" on the waters of the Douro!

In a dwelling house in Varick street, New York, a cooking stove exploded, knocking out two front windows. A hopeful son of the family had stored black cartridges in the oven!

FATAL VENTRILOQUISM.—Benjamin F. Gearhart, pastor of the Wrightsville, Pa., Methodist church, imitated a wild turkey so well that one of his hunting companions shot him, by mistake, for one of those birds, and wounded him fatally.

WHOLESALE ANNEXATION.—Within eight years the East India Company has annexed territories exceeding 200,000 square miles, with a population of more than seventeen millions! This is filibustering on a large scale.

A portion of the operatives in the Lewiston factories having struck for the eleven-hour system, have been discharged. They say they will not work twelve hours a day, and we don't blame them. There are said to be no other factories in New England, besides those at Lewiston, where twelve hours of daily labor are exacted.

One night last week some rascal entered the stable of Hon. K. Washburn, at No. Livermore, and stole a family horse, worth \$200.

Among the patents issued last week was one to Samuel C. Norcross, of Dixfield, Me., for improved adjustable stirrup for each scholar per annum.

The first snow of the season fell at the White Mountains on Monday evening last.—It has not held off so long for quite a number of years.

In Sweden none but ladies of a certain degree are permitted to wear bonnets! Such a law would apparently well suit some of our ladies, who seem to be very anxious to leave their bonnets behind them!

Russia comes to the rescue of King Bomba, and is quite loud in her talk. She apparently don't know that she has been whipped.

WHAT THEY WANT.—Rev. T. W. Higginson writes from Leavenworth, K. T., that one of the leading Raillans said—By—, I wish that the Abolitionists would just kill one or two of our men, moderate men, you know, not good for much, but just enough to let us claim them as ours—nothing to give us handle."

SUNDAY SERVICES.—A change in the hours of commencing Sunday services has been adopted by the churches in Boston which it would be well for our churches also to adopt. Afternoon service during the winter, will commence at three o'clock, precisely, and during the summer months at four o'clock, P. M.—thus avoiding the hours of intensest heat.

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Mr. Malcolm has been dismissed by his church (Baptist) in Wheeling, Va., on account of "abolition sentiments."

ANOTHER DEADLY INVENTION.—The Albany Times states that a pistol has been invented in that city, which will fire ninety times per minute, carry a ball forty yards further than any pistol now in use, and that it is also much lighter, and in every respect superior to Colt's celebrated pistol.

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Poetry.

A SEASON SONG.

Oh ripe and ready autumn, now
Thou givest once again
A rich reward to anxious man
For all his toil and toil;
Thou art a queen, a stately queen,
Among the graces three,
Per lovely spring and summer bright
Are beauties unto thee;
Right royal, with lavish hand
Thou spread'st o'er hill and plain
The jacinth symbols that proclaim
The taste of the reign.

O, gentle, haughty autumn queen,
Brown daughter of the sun,
Elegantly thou tread'st the path
His burning coals run;
Thou lay'st thy might hand upon
The green and tender grain,
And full-ripen'd harvest gilds earth
With gleaming fields aglow;
The bough that bears with golden fruit,
The purple-clusters fine,
O, ripe and ready autumn queen,
Art thou and only thine.

O, blessed and blest autumn queen,
Charming—lovely from above
To give the autumn breast of earth
With jewels of God's love;
The green hills sides are wild with gies—
The rays swell with song—
The everlast'ng mountain-tops
The autumn peaks pronounce;
And all the kindred of mankind,
In one great rapture strain,
Sing praises to Him who bade them fill
Their garners once again.—*Alfred Knott.*

VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE NELSON.—1825.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The hours shall keep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Dear rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wip'st his eye;
Thy rest is over in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box whose sweets compacted be;
Thy music shuns thyself, year closer;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Original Articles.

For the Portland Transcript and Eclectic.

A RIDE.

MR. EDITOR:—I have just ventured out on a ride. Not one of your furious, railroad drives, but a genuine ride after a good steady horse. We old people take but little pleasure in car travelling, for the plain reason that we can see nothing. It is the Indian Summer in October, the most fitting time for old people to travel, reminiscing as they are at every step of the Autumn of life. Suppose we leave the cars at Bethel and take a ride down the Androscoggin to Dixfield, and thence across to the head waters of Sandy River. Leaving the Village at Bethel Hill, which has been frequently noticed by your correspondents, we crossed over the Androscoggin River, and passing through the little village on the opposite side, we were immediately presented with one of those grand displays of the American forest. Never have I seen such gorgeous coloring. The red maples looked like pyramids of fire, the white maples too were like so many golden clouds. What a scene is now before me, such as one as but few artists ever saw. At a short distance the Androscoggin flows lazily along with its somewhat swollen waters; beyond is a rich interval covered with its deep carpet of green, beyond this is a grove of pines whose dark green tops contrast beautifully with the multi-colored hues of the hard-wood forest still further up the slope; while beyond all these, towers one of the many mountains in this vicinity. How many times I have stopped the old horse to look at a maple tree after it has been struck by a slight frost. On one side is a fiery red, on the other a glowing yellow with all the intermediate shades produced as complements of these colors. Beneath their leaves are patches of living green unaffected as yet by the frost.

But I must hasten on. Passing by some noble farms and farm-houses which show evidence of good taste and intelligence, I soon find my way over Sandy and Bear Rivers. The recent frost had left drift wood, cord and pumpkins scattered over the intervals in strange proximity. But I must stop to describe another scene, such as but few ever saw. It is now past sunset. Dark shadows appear on the sides of the mountains. Above all is a cloud of a deep red color. By some law of optics hardly clear to myself, its red-

ness is reflected down on the mountain slopes for a long distance, coloring the forest to appear as if a dull lurid flame was just bursting from the tree-tops. It was a grand display such as I never witnessed before. But I must proceed. The pass through Rumford, near to the falls where the water plunges down a distance of 100 feet in the wildest manner. It is not generally known that by a trifling outlay, steamboats can run from Rumford Falls to Skowhegan, and the time may come when Bethel may become a port of entry.

Crossing the river left, I rode down to Dixfield, where I again crossed, and found myself in a thriving village situated on Ellis River, which contains a fine water power, and appeared to be pretty well improved.—After dressing down the lower part of man and beast, I thought I would enjoy a moonlight ride up Ellis River. Starting at nine o'clock in the evening, I passed fine farm houses and fields over a beautiful road.—Near by ran a meadow very abrupt which seemed like a watch tower peering above the adjacent hills. Leaving the river, I turned farther to the North East. The road passes through dense woods, where by the light of the moon I could see a bear every few rods in the bushes, or, at least, thought I could see him. In this way I rode several miles till my ear caught the sound of a waterfall. This was a pleasant relief from the sight and sound of bears. Emerging from the forest I found myself in the little Village of Weld, where I found a public house for the night.

Wishing to enjoy the morning air, I started again at six and seated my course towards Phillips. At half past six I was in one of those beautiful ponds which add so much to the mountain autumnal scenery. Riding along I was frequently saluted by a partridge which had ventured out to the road-side for her breakfast. Here I laid myself on an entirely different route from that usually taken by tourists in this region. Instead of passing up Sandy River, and having "Old Blue" as he is called in this vicinity, on my left, I find myself on his North side. He is a fine old fellow. Mr. Abram begins to show itself, and I all at once enter the pleasant Village of Phillips, situated on the Sandy River. It so happened that the North Franklin Agricultural Society was holding its meeting on that day, and prompted to see what was to be seen, I went to the Town House where were exhibited a variety of articles manifesting much industry and good taste, especially on the part of the Indians. The whole affair was a model show. There was such a degree of promptness, such order and decorum, that it did one good, especially an old man, to look at them. A procession was formed under the direction of the Marshal who was out for a General, for with remarkable velocity he arranged a large procession four deep and marched through the streets to the neighboring Church, where a capital address was given by a young man, but who evinced some knowledge of what he was saying.—Some capital songs were sung. Reports of committees met, when the procession returned to the public house to do justice to an ample dinner there provided.

The Teacher Institute was held here and was quite successful. There is also a flourishing High School of over one hundred scholars. Academy is much needed here. This is a fine agricultural town, and the inhabitants are moral and intelligent. Among them was one whom I met more than forty years ago. He told me that he was now living with his first wife, and I admired his philosophy and misfortunes; when people told him how unfortunate he had been in his wives, "No," said he, "I have been most fortunate. I have had three wives, and they have all been most excellent women."

One fact has presented itself to me in travelling over Maine, and which will relieve the surprise that may have in visiting this State. A little more than thirty years ago, the State was almost literally buried over, and exhibited but one mass blackened surface. Since that time the old rubbish has decayed, and a new forest has sprung up, affording those beautiful landscapes all over the State, where they never before existed.

To us aged people it is pleasant to contemplate the change.

After having visited some of my nephews and nieces on the way, I found my way home to house up for winter, where it is most congenial for all the people to be during this season of the year.—*Uncle Felix.*

SHAMAN EXPOSURE.—Little Boy.—"When I get older, Mr. Brown, you'll let me ride your horse, won't you?"

Mr. Brown.—"Why, Charlie, I haven't any horse; what made you think so?"

Charlie.—"Well I heard mother say this morning that you'd been riding a high horse lately."

Interesting Sketch.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTIONIST.

The Rev. J. J. Roberts, Missionary at Canton, has transmitted to Putnam's Magazine an interesting account of the chief leader of the present revolutionary movement in China. The account is so interesting that we shall endeavor to reduce it to newspaper dimensions.

Hung is the family name of this interesting character—Sow-Tsuen, his literary appellation—corresponding to our Christian name, meaning "elegant and perfect." He was born in a little village of some four hundred inhabitants about thirty miles northwest of Canton. At the age of seven he was sent to school where he developed an extraordinary capacity for study. By the time he was eleven years old he was well versed in Chinese literature.

When sixteen years of age, the property of his family did not permit him to continue his studies; but, like other youths of the village, who were not students, he assisted in the field labor. His relations and friends, however, regretted that his talents should be wasted upon mere manual labor, and therefore, they engaged him as teacher in their own village, where an opportunity was afforded him quietly to continue his literary pursuits.

At the first public examination of Canton he was "plucked"—the fate of many geniuses, it would seem, and although he was ranked as a promising scholar did not succeed in obtaining the first degree. In 1838 when he again visited Canton, a remarkable person presented him with a work in nine small volumes, entitled "Good Words Exhorting the Age," which after a superficial glance at their contents Hung placed in his book case without reading. And now comes the mysterious part of this singular history. Shortly after receiving these books—as we are informed by the good missionary, Hung had when lying sick in bed, a vision of a man venerable in years, with a golden beard and dressed in a black robe, who addressed him in some mysterious words. At the same time the stranger presented Sow-Tsuen with a sword, commanding him to exterminate the demons, but to spare his brothers and sisters. The old man said, "Take these courage and do the work; I will assist thee in every difficulty."

The sickness and visions of Sow-Tsuen continued about forty days, and in these visions he often met with a man of middle age, whom he called his elder brother, who instructed him how to act, accompanied him upon his wanderings to the uttermost regions in search of evil spirits, and assisted him in slaying and exterminating them. He also heard the venerable one reprove Confucius for having omitted in his books clearly to announce the true doctrine. Confucius seemed much ashamed, and confessed his guilt.

The appearance of these mysterious visions sounds like an episode in one of the Ravel's pantomimes; but six years afterwards Hung was greatly astonished to find in these books the key to his own visions, which he had during his sickness, six years before. He found their contents to correspond in a remarkable manner with what he had seen and heard at that time. He now understood the venerable one who sat upon the highest place, and whom all men ought to worship, to be God, the heavenly Father; and the man of middle age, who had instructed him and assisted him in exterminating the demons, to be Jesus, Saviour of the world. The demons were the idols, his brothers and sisters were the men and women in the world. Sow-Tsuen now felt as awaking from a long dream. He rejoiced to have found in reality a way to heaven, and sure hope of everlasting life and happiness. Upon his return home from Watertown, he soon converted two of his intimate friends to his views, namely, Fung Yoo-San, the present southern king, and Hung-Jin, who gave the main particulars of this information.

The two friends, Sow-Tsuen Hung and Young San, owing to these revelations, renowned idolatry, removed the tablet of Confucius from their school-room, and were thus thrown out of employment. The next three years they passed in travel or at their native village, preaching the new faith and securing new converts to the new doctrine. In 1847, Hung presented himself at the missionary station, and after some months of religious instruction near Canton, was thoroughly examined by a committee, and was at the point of being received into the Christian Church by baptism, when, in the words of the Rev. Mr. Roberts, the moderator observed to him:—

"There is no certain employment, nor pecuniary emolument connected with becoming

a member of the church; we ought not to do so from sinister motives." Then, said he, "I know not what will become of me, I am poor, I have no living, and by joining the church shall be thrown out of employment." Here the process staid—he hesitated to join without an assurance. The baptism was postponed indefinitely, and I saw him no more. Nor did I know what had become of him, until informed in 1852, through the report of Hung-Jin, that he was the leader of the great revolutionary movement which commenced in Kwang-Si. The report was confirmed when the English steamer, *Hermes*, went up to Nankin, in the spring of 1853; since then his high position and public movements have excited intense interest, not only in the writer, but throughout Christendom.

Notwithstanding his disappointment of receiving baptism, Hung continued his apostleship, preaching the gospel and reading the scriptures from place to place. He left his native village for the last time in June 1849—and we now make use of the words of the narrative—and he sent for his family—wife and three children, with other relations—in June, 1850. The difficulties soon after commenced. Fighting began in September following. The first battle in which the disciples were engaged, was at a place called Kum-Tien, "Gold field," the first place of which Sow-Tsuen took possession was an opulent market town, where Wang, their chief persecutor, resided. The second was a large village, called Shai-Tau, which had caused the death of a chief about to join Hung's army.

In the autumn of 1851, he again raised his camp, and marched upon the city of Kwang-Si, which he entered, taking possession of the treasury and public granaries. Hung Sow-Tsuen was here unanimously declared Emperor of the new dynasty, called, "Tae-Ping T'peen Kooh"—"Great Tranquillity," "Heaven's Kingdom"—assuming as his own title, "Tae-Ping Wang"—"King of Great Tranquillity," or "Prince of Peace."

IGNORANCE AND LOW WAGES.

What asses men are to be ignorant, even in a financial point of view. A blockhead can get but six shillings a day in any market in the world; men of intelligence often make as many dollars. A man who can't write, is as much a slave as if he had been born a brute. He is deemed to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water all the days of his life. Drudge! drudge! drudge! is all that is in store for him, should he continue on the earth for a century. Educate your children, therefore, only for their happiness, but their income. All can see that wickedness breeds misery; yet very few find out that which is equally certain, that ignorance breeds misery, and misery to wretchedness. Dr. Johnson was once asked, "Who was the most miserable man?" and the reply of a sage was, "The man who cannot read on rainy day." The writer was once passing through a park, and saw nailed to one tree, this warning: "All dogs found in the park will be shot." A friend who was with us remarked, "Unless dogs can read, they are pretty badly off here."

Now, God has only written his laws upon the trees, but the stars and in the flowers; his laws are above us and beneath, on our right hand and our left, and if a man is not able to read he is "pretty badly off here"—worse off than the dog, for the dog has a master to read to him; but man has no master between him and his God. The consequence is, he is trapped by cunning at every corner. He is taken in and does for by the spring-gun device and the man-traps of ungodliness, and all he can do is to flounder and bear. He is even worse off than the wicked, for they may hope, but for the ignorant man there is no hope. He is sentenced to hard labor in the term of his natural life, and all the punishing power in the world cannot prevent.

THE POET LONGFELLOW.—Longfellow presents the fine spectacle of a man of most delicate poise, and rich and varied culture, devoting himself to topics that go straight to the common heart, and handling them with a child-like simplicity, which in conjunction with so much delicacy, is almost without a parallel in the history of literature. For him no audience is too refined, none too uncultivated. The "Psalm of Life" is as simple as Dr. Watts, as graceful as Campbell, and the same may be said of "Strangeline." We have in Longfellow a finished master of "the accomplishment of verse" who uses his gift as plumb'ring the benevolent shaft of song to the highest and humblest heart alike, and not to spot in mystical chant out of sight into cloud land. Nor is this all. With Longfellow in desire is not to grovel; his gift cleanses common things as it touches them; if he walks the dear old earth with the rest of us, the shrill wings of his genius do not trail on the ground; if he speaks a simple language, he utters what is both holy and

high, so that our hearts burn within us by the way as he talks. What mourning hearts have been soothed—what trembling aures strengthened—what hesitating spirits charged with holy courage for the conflict of duty, by his sweet potent words! Those who have never directed their thoughts to the subject, have no adequate idea of the extent to which the works of this great and good American have helped to mould middle-class thought and feeling in Great Britain.—*London Dispatch.*

FACTS AND HINTS.

THE Friends were originally called Seekers, from their seeking for the truth. The name of Quakers was given them by one of their prominent men, because Fox, (the founder) admonished him and those present with him, to tremble at the word of the Lord.

THE original Sabbath in England, as established in A. C. 1650, commenced on Saturday at three o'clock, and lasted till day-break on Monday. In the reign of James I., 1606, a fine of one shilling was imposed by act of parliament, on every person absent from church on Sunday.

WHEN the Russians desire to keep fish perfectly fresh, to be carried a long journey in a hot climate, they dip them into hot beeswax, which acts like an air-tight covering. In this way they are taken to Mada, perfectly sweet, even in the summer.

THE first grist mill ever erected in Pennsylvania, is yet in existence. It is a quaint old stone building, and bears date about 1686. It is located on a small stream near Germantown, and some of the original machinery imported from England, is still retained in the mill.

TRUE DIGNITY.—The day-laborer, who earns with horny hand and the sweat of his brow, coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised, by this generous motive, to true dignity; and though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves nobler by wealth from serving others.—*Channing.*

IT is a curious circumstance that a *handa jide* magnifying glass, identified by Sir Edward Brewster as decidedly and designedly such, was found by Mr. Layard in one of the temples of Nineveh. Mr. Layard says that many of the cuneiform inscriptions and other smaller sculptures are so delicately cut and so minute, as to be almost unintelligible without a magnifying glass.

THE following are the dimensions of some of the largest steamers in the world:—The Great Western, 236 feet long, 25 broad; Great Britain, 322 feet long, 51 broad; Himalaya, 350 feet long, 43 broad; Perseus 290 feet long, 45 broad; Vanderbilt, 335 feet long, 45 feet broad; Adriatic, 254 feet long, 50 broad. The Great Eastern, now being built under the direction of Mr. Brunel, is more than twice the size of the largest of these.

POSTS AND PORTHOUSES.—I was amused," says the biographer of Montgomery, "with the post's statement to the effect, that the house in which Moore was born is now a whisky-shop; that Burns's native cottage is a public house; Shelley's house at Great Marlow, a beer-shop; the spot where Scott was born occupied by a building used for a similar purpose; and even Coleridge's residence at Nether Snaresay, the very house in which the poet composed the sweet 'Ode to the Nightingale,' is now an ordinary beer-house."

AN AUSTRIAN KNOW NOTHING.—A characteristic anecdote of the Austrian Emperor is related in Berlin. At the recent meeting of the Emperor and the King of Prussia, at Töplitz, the latter presented to the Austrian Monarch, among other eminent personages, Alexander von Humboldt, whereupon Francis Joseph, in a drawing tos, inquired of his "royal cousin," "Who is this Humboldt?" The Prussian King, incensed at this specimen of Habsburg's imbecility, replied, emphasizing the words, "He is the greatest man since the flood."

THE amende honorable originally had an entirely different signification from the sense in which it is now used. It was first inflicted in France on traitors and persons guilty of sacrilege. This was the mode of procedure.—"The offender was delivered into the hands of the hangman, his shirt was stripped off, a rope put about his neck, and a taper in his hand; he was then led into court and obliged to pray pardon of God, the king and the country. Death or banishment sometimes followed."

"Can you give me two halves for a dollar?" inquired a loafer at a retail store. "Certainly, sir," said the accommodating clerk, placing the two halves on the counter. "Tomorrow I'll hand you a dollar," said the loafer, as he pocketed the halves.

Miscellany.

WHAT IS SAID OF MUSIC.

SELECT PASSAGES.

I am no musician, and want a good ear; and yet I am conscious of a power in music which I want words to describe. It touches chords, reaches depths in the soul which lie beyond all other influences; extends my consciousness, and has sometimes given me pleasure which I have found in nothing else. Nothing in my experience is more mysterious, more inexplicable. An instinct has always led me to transfer it to heaven; and I suspect the Christian under its power, has often attained to a singular consciousness of his immortality.—*Channing*.

Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in without injury to their moral or religious feelings.—*Addison*.

Wonderful is the power of music! It is the heart's own language, and speaks to it in a voice of irresistible persuasion. It is a good gift from Heaven, and should ever be used in a good cause.—*T. S. Arthur*.

Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, when reproached by Faber, afterwards bishop of Vienna, for cultivating music, said, "Thou dost not know my dear Faber, what music is. I love to play a little upon the lute, the violin and other instruments. Ah, if thou couldst only feel the tones of the celestial lute, the evil spirit of ambition, and the love of riches which possess thee, would then quickly depart from thee."

Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.—*Chateaubriand*.

Music not only improves a man's tastes, but his morals. It gives him a taste for home and amends his habits wonderfully. The man who spends his evenings with a piano, is seldom seen in dram shops, and never with night brawlers. We believe in music, and candidly think that one flute will do as much towards driving rowdiness out of a neighborhood as four policemen and a half-dog.—*Anon.*

Music is the art of the Prophet; it is the only art which can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight.—*Martin Luther*.

Amongst the instrumentalities of love and peace, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more effective voice than that of gentle-peace-breathing music.—*Eliza Burritt*.

Had I children, my nearest endeavor should be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor ever thought of music, the preference seems odd, and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, madam, my aim would be to make them happy. I think it the most probable method.—It is a resource which will last them their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends upon themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not couses; and of all fashionable pleasures is the cheapest. It is capable of fury, without the danger of criticism—is susceptible of enthusiasm without being priest-ridden; and, unlike other mortal passions, is sure of being gratified in Heaven.—*Horace Walpole*.

Nothing can inspire in me a deeper feeling of devotion than sacred music. To hear the plaintive overture of the choir, and the organ, the stream of melody which seems to roll from the galleries, and to dissolve as it flows, into a kind of atmosphere above the aisles—soothing and subduing. It banishes every low thoughted care, and gives us "such glimpses of Heaven as saints have in dreams."—*Willis Gaylord Clarke*.

The ancients pretended that nations were civilized by music, and this allegory has a deep meaning; for we must always suppose that the bond of society was formed either by sympathy or interest, and certainly the first origin is more noble than the second.—*Mad. de Staél*.

Thibaut, the celebrated Professor of Law in Heidelberg, relates that a young man, his guest, who had listened to a composition of Lotti, exclaimed when he left his house, "O! this evening I could do no harm to my greatest enemy."

Music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy.—*Sidney Smith*.

What is more deeply interwoven with the sympathies of human nature than music?—What will more touchingly express the feeling of joy or sorrow, hope or melancholy?—Melaucholy forgets to sigh or weep as violin chords sweep gently over its sea of troubles. What joy complete without its all-enlivening strains? What warrior nerve without its thrilling blast? What church so lowly, and what surplice so devout, as that where the swelling chorals and the organ peal mingle

with the voice of thanksgiving and prayer.—*A. Clarke*.

With ardent love, I have striven, from early youth to make music my own. It has become to me a companion and comforter through life; it has become more and more invaluable to me; the more I learned to comprehend and appreciate its boundless exuberance of ideas, its inexpressible fullness, the more intimately its poetry was interwoven with my whole being.—*George, crown prince of Hanover*.

Every human feeling is greater than the exciting cause; a pool that man is destined for a higher state of existence; and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression.—*Coleridge*.

Were I to proceed to tell you how much I enjoy those architectures, sculpture, painting and music, I should want words. It is in these arts they shine. The last of them particularly, is an enjoyment, the deprivation of which with us, cannot be calculated. I am almost ready to say, it is the only thing which from my heart I envy them, and which, in spite of all the antiquity of the Decalogue, I do covet.—*Thomas Jefferson*.

THE POETRY OF FEET.

We do not like a foot too small for the height any more than we like one too large. A small foot indicates coquetry. Cleopatra's foot must have been small and finely arched, or she would never have done as described by Eschobarus:

"I say for once
Hop forty paces through the potato stress."

No woman ever did or would have done the like but with the consciousness of great perfection in the feet. Anthony sends her pearls, saying:

"The firm Roman of great Egypt sends
This treasure of no value, at whose feet,
To mend the petty stress, I will place
Her opulent throne still kingdoms."

No man shuns a woman's foot; in any way, if he loves her, unless it be beautiful. Hermione, on the contrary, had a firm, well-proportioned foot, betokening majesty. When she entered the statue room we are sure she had a well-sized foot.

"O! royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty,"

is the exclamation of Leontes. A woman will never enact the part of a statue if conscious of an ill-shaped foot, unless her intellectuality may have perverted her instincts, as in the case of Madame de Staél, who at one time pursued in this way; and Falstaff, if we except, not offended her, past retrieve, by saying he knew who it was, by the *pedes* (pedes)—a terrible pun where the feet and ankles are ill shaped. Desdemona, Ophelia and Cordelia, must have had long, slender feet, which go more with sediment than with magnificence or genius. Miranda, on the contrary, had elegantly proportioned feet, worthy the classic Diana herself. Then, too, Kate—dainty Kate—the amar shrew, the pretty vixen, had a little arched foot, graceful and elastic as the spring of the tiger's. When Petruchio says,

"Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?" it was a delicate commendation of her foot; still more when he says,

"Did ever Dian become a grouch,
As Kate doth chamber with her princely gait?"

Tennyson hath a delicate eye for a foot when he represents Lila in this wise:

"She stood
Among her maidens, higher by the head,
Her back against a pillar, her feet on one
On which came her bairns. Like a lion
Am pawed about her sandal."

And again, describing the return of the princess climbing the rock in pursuit of minerals, he says:

"Many a light fire shone like a jewel set
In the dark night."

Women with large feet never like to climb the hills. The sentiment of beauty is less in the size than a certain littleness and elasticity. "Light as a lawn," "Fleath as the greyhound," "With a step like a stag," are all pretty phrases, indicating the character of the foot, which is the index to the whole woman. Dress has a great effect upon the foot, and we find very low dresses demoralize it. The long robe especially destroys its elasticity. We like to see the foot

"As though the petticoats,
Were out in like little mice,
Which with the light."

That was very pretty in a lover who saw his mistress bathing her feet in a brook, and wrote her,

"Do not fear but thy feet
Naked in the water, sweet;
Your red sandal, now or then,
Will save a man where thou hast lied."

The French foot is meagre, narrow and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly curved, thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; a "stream can run under the hollow of his foot," is a description of its form. The foot of the Scotch is large and

thick—flat of the Irish, flat and square—the English, short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small. A foot should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the individual. It should have a delicate spring to it, as if it did not quite belong to the earth, and touching it faintly, if not disdainfully. The ankle should express tenderness, should be round and firm, and not too small.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND FOLLY.

A lady of Newark, New Jersey, stepped into Tiffany and Young's large silver-ware establishment, in New York the other day, and asked to see some bridal presents. She was asked whether she wished to purchase or hire, and was rather puzzled at the latter position, until she was informed that the establishment let out a fine display of 'presents,' for a reasonable amount. She was astonished to understand that many of the tempting displays made in the mansions of folly as presents from friends to the bride, had been hired for the occasion.

And this is but a sample of that hollow thing denominated fashionable life, which surrenders itself up to desires which cannot be gratified, thus making life's contrast between mean penituousness and lavish display. We sometimes enter the saloons of gilded folly, with a sensation of wonder at the gorgeous mirrors, and dazzling lights, the magnificent dresses, and luxurious entertainments; but it passes away in a moment, when we reflect that, in the great majority of cases, *the whole is borrowed for the occasion*.

Tomorrow the walls will be stripped of those rare pictures, the statuary will go back to the dealer, and the silver plate will return to Tiffany and Young, and the family will pinch themselves for a twelvemonth to provide means for another entertainment. Every one there who, year after year, pass their life in this manner, useless to themselves and to the world around them. Better far the humble home, where each day kinder and gentler thoughts spring up, where age receives its proper respect where love, with willing hand, renders lighter the duties of existence, and where competency surrounds itself with the comforts and elegancies of life.

There what we possess is real and not fictitious. *There* we live within the range of integrity, and take no part in that career of folly and deceit, the end of which is bitterness and suffering. Let us check the first promptings of that false desire which would lead us to abandon the real, and, for purposes of display, put on the tinsel and borrowed ornaments which most lower the self-respect of any among us. Let us then hope at least, that in this city no borrowed bridal gifts may be displayed with ostentatious pride.—*Newark (N. J.) Mercury*.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

In 1784, in Redruth, England, as a worthy pastor was returning from a visit to his flock, late in the twilight, he saw before him a strange nondescript, as large as a black ram, with eyes flashing fire, and breathing very hard, running furiously towards his shins. Providentially he sprang aside, and before his assailant could turn upon him, he had run such a distance as gave hope of deliverance, when he came full butt against a man running in the opposite direction.

"Run for your life! back! back!" cried the person.

"Have you seen my steamer?" asked the stranger.

"I've seen the evil spirit himself! run, run!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the stranger, "how far ahead is he?"

The tone of this question, and the company of a human creature, in some measure dispelled the fright of the faithful man, and assured him, that he if any one, should have courage to face the powers of darkness; so he turned and ran after the stranger, who, as he thought, by mistake, had taken the wrong direction. They soon came up to the object of their pursuit, which had got into a ditch, and was roaring terrifically. To the astonishment of the person, the stranger seized and dragged the fiery monster to the road.

"She got away from me, sir. I was giving her a try; the bit of road being good for a run."

"Oh, goodness! well, she is yours, then! Prey, what is she?"

"A steamer, sir, I call her. She is a little experiment of mine, got up to try whether Mr. Watt's idea of running coaches by steam can be carried out. I think it can, if capital can be got for it."

"Indeed, indeed! Pray, my dear sir, who may you be?"

"I am William Murdoch, at your service; a mechanical engineer, superintending the

erection of pumping engines for Boulton & Watt, in the mines hereabouts.

Great was the relief and satisfaction of the worthy parson on discovering what he imagined to be something broke loose from an unsafe place, was but a bit of honest man-craft; a lunatic conceit it might be, but harmless except when it ran away; and might frighten children, perhaps, but them.

This miniature engine was the first embodiment of the idea of locomotion on the roads by steam.—*Railroad Advertiser*.

THE WIND.

A truly mysterious agent is the wind, viewless itself, yet having an eye without toward which if one finds himself moving he will be sure to feel its force if he does not see its form. It is strong-armed also, beating down opposition with relentless strength. Its voice is terrible sometimes, and sometimes softer than a bee. Now it has the plaint of an ailing harp; then like whistles loud and clear. It sings among the pine cones, rustles in the boughs of the tree, and ruffles in the bare branches and falling foliage of the autumn. Almost noiselessly does this invisible tenant of the space above us seem to creep, though in fact unseen, along the waving grass and corn, which bend in reverence as it passes.

The wind has been said already to have an eye. It has breath too, now smiting in the sirocco or simoom, now cutting down men with the northward prostrating in the hurricane. Generally it may be inferred that it possesses a good character. The common saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good implies that usually it is a good creature enough. It blows our vessels to pieces sometimes, indeed, but then how many more does it blow, with their rich freight of men and merchandise, across the oceans? Winds have their character as men do from the colour of their origin.—Those from the land of bears are apt to be savage in their attacks as the white bears of the pole, while those from the tropics softly kiss our cheeks and woo us to repose.

It makes itself useful in a thousand ways, one of which is turning mills and powerfully helping all sorts of manufacture. As an entertainer it is unrivaled. How sublimely it brings up the thunder-storm; how beautifully it floats along the sky the billowy cloud. It raises the mat or rain-drop to paper against the window; and, if you are a good-for-nothing sloven or slattern in your house-keeping, —it drives the snow or water through the broken pane or dilapidated roof. While fishing in the lake or lying under a shady tree upon its banks, the wind is ever ready to amuse. Now it stirs up myriads of ripples, running after one another over its surface, and now it fans the lounge with the big breaths of the chesterfield above his head.

It is not always, however, that it appears as master of the revels. In the character of avenger it now and then rages upon the stage and makes its audience tremble.—Wide forests arestantly laid low by its irresistible yet vicious arm; dwellings are torn asunder and crushed beneath its weight; men and animals are lifted up and whirled about like sun-birds in a winter's storm.—So it is on the land.

At sea its power is terrific. The ocean is lashed into roller mountains. Earth and the heavens meet and mingle together in night and day. The elements put forth their voices, as above all their horrible thunder the whistling triumph and utters its trumpet summons to the universal uproar of battle. It rages, it screams, it shrieks. Over a other sounds the blast of the invisible world; and that power which is the cause of the boiling of the deep, the agony of the wrecked ship, yet is itself forever unseen.—*Newark Daily Advertiser*.

AS APPALING EXPERIMENT WITH AN IDIOT.—Dr. J. H. D. relates that an idiot at Salisburg, appearing to be singularly insatiable of food, an experiment of an appalling character and appalling consequences, was made upon him as a means of putting his susceptibility to a test. It was proposed to produce in him the impression that he was with a dead man come to life. A person, accordingly, had himself laid out as a corpse, and enveloped in shroud, and the idiot was ordered to wash over the dead. The idiot perceiving some motion in the corpse, desired it to lie still; but the pretended corpse raising itself in spite of this admonition, the idiot seized a hatchet, which unluckily, was within his reach and cut off first one of the feet of the unfortunate counterfeit, and then unmoved by his cries, cut off his head. He then calmly resumed his station by the real corpse.

THE WILFUL CAPTAIN.

OR PRIDE AND DESTRUCTION.

"Shall you anchor off?"—Point, Captain?" asked a passenger.

"I mean to be in the dock with the morning tide," was the captain's brief reply.

"I thought perhaps you would telegraph for a pilot," returned the passenger.

"I am my own pilot, sir," and the captain whistled contemptuously.

"He's in one of his daring humors; and I'll bet anything you like, that he takes the narrow channel," quietly remarked a sailor, as he passed to execute some order.

"Is it dangerous?" asked the same passenger, uneasily.

"Very, in a gale; and there's one coming or I'm no sailor," replied the man, "but if any man can do it, it's himself. Only he might boast once too often, you know."

Evening came, and the gale was becoming what the sailors call "pretty stiff," when the mate touched my arm, arousing me from a pleasant reverie in which smiling welcome bade prominent place.

"We are going in by the narrow channel, sir," said he, "and with the wind increasing, we may be dashed to pieces on the sand-bank. It is foolhardiness, to say the least. Cannot you passengers compel him to take the safer course?"

I felt alarmed, and hastily communicated with two or three gentlemen; and proceeding together to the Captain, we respectfully urged our wishes, and promised to represent any delay caused by the alteration of his course as a concession to our anxious apprehensions.

But as I anticipated, he was immovable.

"We shall be in dock to-morrow morning, gentlemen," said he. "There is no danger whatever. Go to sleep as usual, and I'll engage to awake you with a land salute."

Then he laughed at our cowardice, took offence at our presumption, and finally, swore that he would do as he chose; that his life was as valuable as ours, and he would not be dictated by a set of cowardly landmen.

We retired, but not to rest; and in half an hour the mate again approached, saying, "We are in for it now; and if the gale increases, we shall have work to do that we did not expect."

Night advanced, cold and cheerless. The few who were apprehensive of danger remained on deck, holding on by the ropes to keep ourselves from being washed overboard.—The Captain came up equipped for night duty; and his course about in the issue of commands was with difficulty heard in the wild confusion of the elements; but he stood calm and self-possessed, sometimes smirking at our folly, and apparently enjoying himself extremely, surrounded by flapping sails, groaning timbers, and the ceaseless roar of wind and wave. We wished we were able to sympathize in such amazement but we supposed it must be peculiar in himself, and endeavored to take courage from his fearless demeanor. But presently there arose a cry of "Breakers ahead!" The captain flew to the wheel; the sails were struck; but the winds had the mastery now, and the captain found a will that could defy his own.

"Boats, make ready!" was the next hurried cry, but, as too often occurs in the moment of danger, the ropes and chains were so entangled that some delay followed the attempt to lower them; and, in the meantime, we were hurrying on to destruction. The passengers from below came rushing on deck in terror, amidst crashing masts and entangled rigging; then came the thrilling shock which gave warning that we had touched the bank; and the next was the fatal plunge that struck the fore ship deep into the sand

The Transcript

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, OCT. 23, 1858.

R. P. WESTON AND E. H. ELWELL, Editors.

A DAY NOT QUITE FORGOTTEN.

Everybody of course goes to Boston; and the record of a day on the streets of that little town, would be quite common-place. But everybody that goes to Boston does not go out into the suburbs. Indeed a very intelligent and well educated business man, who has been to Boston for years to purchase goods, remarked to us that he had always been so hurried that he had never found time to visit even the Common, until this season—It may be that hundreds of our readers who are familiar with the prominent objects in the city, have not found time to walk about her, and view her beautiful surroundings—It is five or six weeks since we found ourselves constrained by the politeness of a friend to join him in a drive over the pleasant semi-circuit from the Navy Yard at Charlestown on the north, to Roxbury on the south.

One gets an impression of the resources of Uncle Sam, better, perhaps, in her Navy Yards than in any other place. Immense quantities of cannon and balls and other apparatus of naval warfare are here piled up for an uncertain future. The buildings are substantial and costly. The dry dock is a piece of solid masonry worthy of notice, and the huge structures now covered under immense buildings, and designed to float upon the waters in some bloody day—all prove the expensiveness of naval preparations and the ability of the government to command the means of self-protection. The Ohio receiving ship was the only U. S. vessel lying near the yard. We were politely shown over the same by the "authorities" on board.

Hurrying on our way, we paused a moment at the monument on old Bunker Hill—but have nothing to say about it. It was placed there to tell its own story, and eloquent in its majestic simplicity, may it continue to plead for the liberties of the millions who look up to it with reverence.

When Toombs & Co. shall call their steers—rolls in its shadow, may it fall upon them in holy indignation!

On our westward way we went through the glass works at East Cambridge. These works are about as great a curiosity shop, as a stranger can visit. The ladies of our company amused themselves with blowing fantastic shapes, and witnessing marvellous operations of the sweltering workmen, as they dipped and blew, and moulded and clipped goblets and vases, out of the glowing, molten glass. Men seldom admit a thing to be wonderful, and never so far lose their property—of course—as to go into ecstasies over what they see.

A ride through the streets of old Cambridge gave us a pleasant external view of that fine old classic town, with its ancient University and its elegant country seats.—In the one, aspiring young men are laying the foundation of future usefulness and distinction—girding on the harness for the approaching battle of life. In the other, professional and business men—withdrawn from the toils of earlier manhood, repose in the quiet enjoyment of domestic life, amid the classical atmosphere which surrounds them—"suum cum dignitate." Among these men of leisure and dignity, reposing upon their fortunes and their laurels, is our own professor Longfellow, who occupies the old Washington Head-quarters, and preserves it unmodernised in its exterior, in memory of older times. What new fancies are finding form in that old laboratory of poetic alchemy, we know not—but have no doubt that the skilful manipulator is still turning somebody's iron facts and flimsy legends into poetic gold.

Another move brings us to Mt. Auburn, where nature and art have combined with singular success to relieve the resting-place of the dead from its ordinary repulsive aspects. We notice constant additions to these mansions of the dead, a continued improvement of the grounds and paths. Many of these monumental structures are simple and suitable. Others are in exceedingly bad taste. Vanity should blush to show itself at the gateway of the tomb, and all mere display of wealth or station ill comports with the great leveling fact, that

"Death with equal stride,

Knocks at the gate of poverty and pride."

It is but a natural and suitable desire which we feel for ourselves and our friends, that we

rest together in some peaceful spot of our common earth—some spot that may be secure against the encroachments of the great tide of life and business, which often sweeps away the landmarks between the living and the dead. But to seek a perpetuation of mere material distinction for self or friends, when we have passed beyond the sphere of such distinctions, is the merest human folly.

The view of the country around—from the top of the tower—including Boston and its suburbs—is very fine. You look down at a glance upon the great haunts of business, and upon the place of sepulchres beneath you, with a convincing impression that the two are not widely separated—that both alike demand their measure of our attention—the scenes of present duty, of living action—and that of repose when the toils of life are past.

We paused at the chapel just at the moment of the arrival of a fine statue of Judge Story, executed by his son—William Story, Esq., which is deposited here, as a place particularly fit for the statue of one so much interested in the opening and laying out of Mt. Auburn, as was the Judge. The statue is in the sitting posture, and with the half-raised arm and pointing finger, represents a familiar attitude and gesture of the distinguished professor in his lectures. The likeness also is excellent—the whole a beautiful tribute of filial affection.

By this time we are weary of the heat and dust of the way—and the ride beyond, thro' Brighton, Brookline, Roxbury, &c.—is remembered as a dull vision of droves and castles, pens—fine suburban cottages and villas—gardens of hanging fruit—and avenues of bending shade—hill-side and valley—street and marsh, dust and noise, until we reach our temporary stopping-place in the city.—A bath—a dinner—an hour in the Mechanics' Fair, a drive to the boat, and a charming evening down the harbor, close our memories of a day not all forgotten. When the gallant Colonel, who commanded our company on this occasion, shall come within our reach, it will give us pleasure to show him the improvements of Portland and vicinity, and the *et cetera.*

ORIGINAL POEM

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

We print below an original poem by Sir John Bowring, the English Governor of Hong Kong, China. The history of it is as follows. When, in 1854, the American Minister, McLane, went up the river towards Pekin, in the U. S. ship *Esopus*, to form a treaty, he was accompanied by Sir John Bowring in the British ship *Ruler*. During the trip there was an exchange of civilities and much social intercourse between the two ships; at a party on board the *Powhatan* Sir John sat down and wrote the following impromptu, upon his knee. A friend of ours who was present obtained the manuscript and kindly handed it to us for publication.

I've known the warm and narrow
Of Bedouins in the wilderness;
Met wilemong Turks in red dyas,
And Nubians on their native site;
But dearer is the cordial note
That calls me in the Poohaw.

I meet what accents greet at east!
Our mother language—mine and theirs—
All English—all America—
And soon, all thoughts, all living blood,
While kindred links of brood, friend,
Surround, and fill the Poohaw.

With blended flags for scenes,
I shared the laugh, the joy, the glee,
South interred in northern Japan;
And sat at home, as if I stod
In Westminster, or Hyde-
Upon the cordial Poohaw.

And then with reverent heart I heard
The teaching of the holy West;
While o'er the sacred pages,
"Fraternal love" seemed in bright,
In letters of celestial light,
Reflected from the Poohaw. J. B.

On board the *Powhatan*,
Bay of Pekin, Oct. 30, 1854.

CURIOSITIES OF THE DAY.—Those who have occasion to corroborate "proof" and abundant food for merriment in the queer blunders of the composer. Not infrequently these errors escape the proof-reader and get out to the public eye. Swallows they are serious, of course only among. For example, the independent, the other day made a correspondent speak of the remnants of a certain party as "peeled and pared," instead of "battered." The printed form was eminently suggestive of hot pease, and the further possibility that the party might be swallowed. In the *Evangelist* of last week we read that "beauty devoid of grace is a mere *bait* (book !) without its *bait*." In our last week's issue, we were made to say *quomodo* instead of *modo*. It is pretty clear that the devil does not understand Latin.

A ROYAL NICKNAME.—The Prince of Wales, Queen Vic's oldest boy, it is said, is called by his sister, on account of his peremptory manner, "Mister Upper Crust."

TRANSCRIPT AND ECLECTIC.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

Spite of the ambitions of kings and the jarring interests of States the nations of the earth are fast getting into closer and more amicable relations with each other. Civilization, notwithstanding an occasional revolution, or the episode of a Russian war, appears to be rapidly fusing all nations into one, and facilitating their inter-communion. The loftiest mountain, and even the widest oceans are no longer the barriers of intercourse—the fosters of national prejudices—they once were. Already languages are getting mixed, manners becoming assimilated, and costumes universal. Gentlemen in all civilized countries, dress, talk and think very much alike. It is only among the peasantry that national costumes and national prejudices are found still in vogue.

One of the readiest means of accomplishing this universal intercourse is the electric telegraph. Already it has thrown a sympathetic chain over all the nations of Europe, and now it is about to link even widely separated continents in a near embrace. The project of laying down a sub-marine telegraph between Europe and America, appears to be rapidly approaching a complete success.

The steamer *Arctic* has recently returned from a sounding expedition across the Atlantic, and brings the most satisfactory reports.

The distance from St. John, N. F., to Valentia Harbor, Ireland, the proposed route, was found to be 1640 geographical miles. The soundings through all this distance show that nature has provided a bed, soft as a snowbank, for the reception of the telegraph cable. There are no rocks, gravel or sand to injure it; neither are there those inequalities which usually mark the ocean's bed, and which might prove great obstacles to the laying of the wire. On the contrary nature seems to have provided a surface especially fitted for this use. For nearly the whole distance across there is a great flat or level at the bottom of the ocean, into which the cable will sink and lie safely embedded, out of the reach of storms, or monsters of the sea. For more than 1300 miles the soundings indicate an almost unbroken level plain, unparalleled by anything on the surface of the earth, and fitly named "The Telegraph Plateau." The greatest depth attained was 2070 fathoms—two and a third miles of perpendicular water!

All things seem to conspire to facilitate this enterprise, for it has recently been discovered that the electric current, acting through a submarine cable, is more effective with a small wire than a large one. This is a very important fact, for a heavy cable 2000 miles long would weigh too much, when coiled up, to be easily managed on board the largest vessel. With a smaller wire it is thought to be practicable to lay the line by carrying it to the center of the ocean on board two vessels, which are to uncouple in opposite directions. The two vessels, which will be first class steamers, will be able to communicate with each other till the job is completed. Under the most favorable circumstances the laying of the cable would seem to be a very difficult undertaking, but Capt. Berriman, of the *Arctic*, laughs at it, and says with a ship large enough, he will engage to do it at ten miles an hour right across. Unforeseen difficulties may yet arise, but the prospect now is, that this great highway of thought between two continents will be completed early next season. The matter is in the hands of a small company of energetic Americans, who are bound to put it through.

HEAD MONEY.—In Greece the Government gives \$480 a piece for the heads of brigands. And no wonder, for the rascals carry things with a high hand. Recently they entered a village, stole a schoolmaster and all his scholars, and then demanded 500,000 drachmas as a ransom! When the government is lucky enough to get possession of a brigand's head, they bury it at a distance from the body to which it belonged. This makes a great impression on the robbers, for they don't relish the idea of going to the world below without their heads!

SOAP.—Messrs. Leath & Gore of this city have some fine specimens of soap on exhibition in City Hall. Their improved Crystalline Transparent Soap is very clear and agreeably scented. Messrs. L. & G. manufacture as good soap as any in the country.

ORIENTAL POETRY.—Sanborn & Carter have for sale Rev. Wm. R. Alger's "Poetry of the East," a new publication which we shall notice more at length in our next.

A ROYAL NICKNAME.—The Prince of Wales, Queen Vic's oldest boy, it is said, is called by his sister, on account of his peremptory manner, "Mister Upper Crust."

THE RACE COURSE.

Since the completion of the trotting track, on Bramhall's Hill, in preparation for the State Fair, there has been a lively time among the horse-fanciers of our city. The scrub races that have come off every afternoon, have attracted crowds to the ground, and afforded no small amusement to the idle and the curious. And we wonder, for such an assemblage of nags is rarely seen this side of Tattersalls! Long ones and short ones, fat horses and lean ones, fast trotting nags, and the slowest of crab racers and pacers, young colts and old horses, ponies and pack-horses, mares, stallions, geldings, and studs, in harness and out of harness, in all kinds of vehicles, chaises, carts, wagons, buggies, gigs and go-carts! Away they go, at every rate of speed, from the lowest walk to the fastest trot. Everybody could beg, borrow or hire a piece of horseflesh is on the ground, and having said a good time! And then the ladies, it is said a sight to see them in their gay dresses, on prancing palfreys, pacing daintily over the ground, or dashing off at a gallop trot. Rousseau says the horse comes next after woman in the order of graceful creatures, and surely when the latter is mounted on a former, grace, elegance and "the poetry of motion" can have no higher illustration.

We are no horse-jockeys—never rode after "a two forty," have but slight acquaintance with the saddle, and are at all with "the turf," but then—we dominate the horse—He is such a harmonious combination of suppleness, strength and grace—such a high-spirited, intelligent, courageous and coquettish creature. In his best condition he has the grace, the tresses, all the pride of woman. And then there is so much character in him! Your horse, a gentleman, and knows how to carry himself in the best society. Yes, there is a *location* in the race—for the rider there is the exhilaration of motion, and the pride of control—for the spectator the excitement which the very air brings with it as the coursers sweep past him in all the pride and beauty of the contest.

But let us go back to the scrub-races on Bramhall. Just observe the variety of character as displayed in the horses' gait and manner of carrying themselves. Here comes a dainty little piece, ears touching the earth with her hoofs, whicker head, the vain creature, is most coquettishly carried. Next comes plunging along a black horse, heavy as a rhinoceros making a great spread on all fours, and coming down on his wide-sprawled hoofs with a tremendous sprawl. He is an honest creature, and is doing his best, but was never meant for the race-course. Ah, here is a beauty!—bright-coated, with free flowing mane, piercing eye, and arched neck. How he curves and prances and makes believe that he is going very fast, while in reality he is by no means the swiftest courser on the ground. Here he comes, a homely beast, but doing the work well, with head stretched out, and legs thrown straight forward, he covers all the ground he aims at, and comes out ahead of everybody. And so they go, a lively show of horsemanship and humanity, all agog to win the race, and show themselves off to the best advantage. For, never doubt, the horse enjoys the victory as much as his more boastful master.

GETTING UP A CROWD.—Somebody says that to discover how many rates there are in a place, it is only necessary to set two dogs to fighting. But it is not losers alone that are fascinated by dog-fights and help to swell the crowds at street disturbances. Industrious mechanics, busy merchants and grave professional men can always conceal a sneaking interest in the contest, and have their secret sympathies for the spiky black spaniel against the spotted one.

It is amusing to see how people are to get into a crowd and to make themselves about "What's going on?" Two men can scarcely look fixedly at an object but a third and then a fourth will join them, until a great crowd is assembled, no individual of which knows "What's the row?" An amusing instance of this occurred in New York recently. A laboring man took a letter from the post office, and going to the building on which he was at work, opened it in the street and began to read it. People stopped to look at him. Curiosity was immensely excited, and a crowd of two or three hundred persons soon gathered around him, all anxious to find out "what was going on."

After all, the instinct of curiosity is not confined to the female sex!

NATIVE STOCK.—There is a running little black Bear and a little Deer, quite tame, on the Show Ground.

CITY ITEMS.

The State Fair

Opened on Tuesday under very favorable auspices. The day was one of the most delightful of the season, and the crowd of strangers in our streets showed the interest felt in the exhibition by our country friends. Market Square presented a lively appearance during the day. The contributions were a little slow in getting their articles arranged, but the prospect at the time of our going to press was that the fair would be highly successful. City Hall is filled with heavy manufactured articles, the glass-blowers, &c. Clapp's Hall is given up to lighter articles of manufactured goods, carpets, furs, &c. In this hall we noticed Lieutenant Preble's collection of Japanese curiosities. Mechanics' Hall is occupied by the ladies' show of millinery and fancy articles. Both these Halls make a fine appearance. In Deering's Hall the floor is occupied with agricultural implements, while the galleries are devoted to fruits and vegetables. We noticed some enormous squashes, pumpkins, beets, &c. The display of apples, pears and grapes though not extensive is very choice. A lot of Orange Squashes have a very delicious as well as deceptive appearance. We go to press at too early an hour to give a full description, which we shall do in our next. At the grounds on Bramhall's Hill there is a fine collection of cattle. Of the performances there we shall speak more at length next week. The annual address delivered on Thursday evening by Hon. Geo. P. Marsh at Rev. Dr. Carruthers' meeting House. Six thousand dollars will be distributed in premiums and prizes, besides diplomas and valuable books.

At the grounds on Tuesday afternoon there was a foot race, won by A. P. Maxfield of Casco, who ran half a mile in 2 minutes and 25 seconds.

An overflowing audience

Gathered in State Street Church on Sunday evening to listen to the anniversary exercises of the Young Men's Christian Association. A large number of Clergymen, of all evangelical denominations were present and took part in the services. From the annual report of the Association, read by Mr. C. J. Morris, the retiring President, we learn that it is now out of debt, has a library of 425 volumes and a reading room well supplied with papers. The Association has three missionary stations under its care, one as far off as Gorham, N. H. It is evidently doing a good work in the community.—The sermon by Rev. I. S. Kallock, of Boston

quently delivered discourse upon the conflict of life, its uses and the glory of the victory.—We are glad to learn that the Association has made arrangements with our city pastors for a series of lectures during the coming winter.

A Very Pleasant Gathering

Was the Triennial Festival of the Mechanic Association, held on Wednesday evening of last week in Mechanics' Hall. The large number present was a gratifying indication of the interest felt in the occasion by the members and their families. The address by Bro. O. S. Beale was a sound and practical discourse, well suited to the occasion. The hints thrown out were profitable and instructive. The address was highly creditable to its author and interesting to the audience. As for the supper, the Committee certainly did their work very faithfully and to the satisfaction of every body. We did not hear the speeches and toasts, but learn that they were uncommonly good. We must not forget to say that the music of the Band added greatly to the pleasures of the evening. The Association was never more prosperous than now, and we trust its prosperity will long continue.

A mixing of doctrines

The pulpit of Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Unitarian, was supplied on Sunday forenoon by the Rev. E. F. Cutler, the Orthodox editor of the Christian Mirror, and in the afternoon by Rev. Mr. Hayden, Swedenborgian.

WE LEARN that Mr. R. P. Ambler, whose discourse before the Spiritual Association of this city, has for several weeks past attracted large audiences at Mechanics' Hall, in consequence of other engagements, will remain but four weeks longer.

THE STEMMER DANIEL WEBSTER came off the Railway at Cape Elizabeth on Monday, thoroughly repaired and as staunch as before her late accident.

THOMAS CAROBAN, an Irishman aged 25 years, was drowned on Saturday night by falling from a boat, while on his way to Peak's Island.

THE DRY GOODS DEALERS intend to close their stores during the coming winter at 7.15 o'clock, P. M.

Poe's Corner.

Fact and Fancy.

THE SPLIT IN THE STATES.

United States, if our good will could but command it's way, you would remain united still. forever and a day. Does England want to see you split, United States?—the deuce a bit.

Your North and South discovered, we with less disgust should view only than England, we should see And Scotland split in two.

We wish your great Republic whole, with all our heart and all our soul.

Why, who are we? Almost alone, with you upon this earth,

We have no Tyrant's throne;

Believe us, might but mira,

Your noble Commonwealth, if cleat,

Would cause us Britons, weaker left.

What head we might, against the wrong,

Together make, O friends!

We wish you to continue strong,

Our union strength depends.

So, that your States may keep compact

Is our desire—now that's a fact.

By Priest and Soldier we two fold away

The old world groans opprest.

We, and you only, far away,

With liberty are blest.

And may we still example give,

And teach the nations how to live."

How all the Drapts would rejoice,

Should you break up and fall;

How would the flunkey's echoing voice

Take up their master's tirie.

"Free institutions will not do!"

Would be the cry of all the crew.

The Press is gagged—the mouth is shut—

None dare their thoughts to name,

In Europe round; and harkey's snuff,

Arrived in a jaded shone;

And crowds, at the bayonet's point,

Enforced in this time out of joint.

Still be it yours and ours to bear

Our witness' gainst these days,

The world, at least, will not despair.

While we our free flags raise.

Then may you still your stripes possess,

And may your stars be never less.

Strange it may seem, and yet is not;

The peril of the Free

All springs from one unhappy blot,

The cast of slavery.

That, that is all you have to dread;

Get rid of that and go ahead.—Punch.

Fun and Sentiment.

—Pin money—the receipts of a bowling alley.

—Fame is like a river, narrowest where its birth place is, and broadest afar off.

—When you see a small waist, think how great a waste of health it represents.

—There is a firm in New York, the name of which is Ley, Hatch and Clock. The clerks are presumed to be all Shanghai.

—What is the difference between a confirmed sinner and a beggar? One is a mendicant and the other is a mend-i-won't.

—A woman may laugh too much. It is only a comb that can always afford to show its teeth.

—You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

—Dickens, in his "Little Dorrit," tells us that a tender word "dropped like a heavy stone into the well of Cleopatra's heart, and splashed the water into his eyes!"

—An old writer thus describes a talkative female: "I know a lady who loves talking so incessantly, that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies before it can catch her last words."

—THE LAST.—Why is the speech a Jew would make when paying a bill, like two characters in one of Shakespeare's favorite plays?—Because he would say, "Cash I owe (Cassio,) and dars'd do money (Desdemona.)

—Mike, can you account for the extraordinary curve in that horse's back? "Sure, an' I can, sir. Before the hæstæ was your property, he was backed agin an Irish horse that bate her hollow, and she never got straight since."

—A gentleman from the rural districts, (after vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery of chafing-dishes.)—Look a-here wainie, bring me some oysters, but have 'em biled down stairs. I don't want none of them dar'd little cook-stoves."

FAIRY-TALE.—A little girl at school read thus—"The widow lived on a small Limbacy, left her by a relative." "What did you call that word?" asked the teacher; "the word is legacy, not Limbacy." "But Miss Johnson," said the little girl, "Pax says I must say limb, not leg."

FACT AND FANCY.

CAMP MEETING TALK.

A chap down South went to a Camp-meeting, and gives the following amusing account of the disjointed conversation he heard there:

Preaching had not begun, and promenading was in progress. We took a convenient stand, and tried to catch the remarks of the various couples, as they went slowly by us.

"Yes, indeed," (two girls talking, of course) "and my brother Tom says that Henry Soher brags about the many times he has kissed her right in the mouth, and she never slaps him at all when nobody is by, and I'm sure I should do it if people was to talk of me as they do about her."

"Corn is up again, you know, and I shall make at least six hundred barrels if I make a pack, and consequently—"

"What a spectacle this is, to be swab, Chow Ah wondah if these people—dem'd pokey gulf, aint she—build theyah own tents own hiwah men to do it fowah'am. Must be a gweat boath to—"

"Be married in six weeks from last Tuesday. I heard ma talking about it, but you mustn't mention it for the world. It is a great secret."

"Really now, and she's as ugly as—"

"The finest sow you ever say, sir. Pure Berkshire, and has nine splendid pigs. It was the best train I ever made, and I wouldn't take thirty dollars for—"

"Scalloped potatoes! only look, Amy! Nine bouances and hoops in the bargain! Oh, how I should love to—"

"Go to picnic on Thursday? Oh, thank you. You don't know how I would love to be present, sir, I am so fond of the exhilarating dance, but father says—"

"I am truly grieved, my dear young friend, to learn that you are so deeply impressed with the necessity of immediate reparation, and I shall this very day make—"

"Ten yards of gimp for the bosom, and maroon velvet binding for the neck and sleeves, and oh, Judy!"

"The finest baby you ever saw—black eyes and large limbs, six weeks old and weighs—"

"Sixty-one ounces and a quarter to the bushel. None better in the country. Free from garlic and cockle, and large grained. I hold it at—"

"Stillopolis, next Saturday. Bob Bothy does, the former Congregational, will speak, as he says—"

"Ah, Mr. Pepper, you faver me so! Just so, how horribly Kate Winsot is dressed.—She will wear yellow, though it makes her look like—"

"Fever and agy. I hear. They've all been laid up with it, and as the poor man's got—"

"The sweetest bonnet I ever saw. Where did you get it? I must command my sister to your—"

"Watermelon patch. Sole every darned one. Some of 'em 'bom'nt ripe. I swow I'll shoot them if they do!"

"Go to the White Sulphur. It is the best place in the whole world, an' am. I've seen some of the most wondrous effects of the waters. Tom Holocat was cured of—"

"Twenty-five pounds of butter a week.—And always get a quart a pound, and sometimes—"

"Four eggs, two handfist of flour, a dab of half tin cupful of molasses, and it makes—"

"The best manure I ever saw sir. Vastly superior to guano, or superphosphate. Two hundred and fifty pounds to the acre raised me—"

"The handsomest woman on the ground.—I can see none equal to her, except Miss May—, and she's got—"

"Both hind legs sparred. And there's a speck in her right eye, dat's bound to—"

"That beautiful girl in black over there. I never saw her but once before, and that was at—"

"Mr. Mugrin's failure, sir. And he has taken to drink awfully, and only last week had—"

"His head under my arm, and was plugging him in the mouth, when he got my finger—"

"Between the 10th and 15th of September, I will get my wheat to market, and it will bring—"

"His grey hairs in snow to the grave.—Oh, it is awful to think how—"

"Close she hangs to her arm. She ought to be ashamed of herself, and never saw him until—"

"William was born nearly five years ago last April. I am an old woman now, and the grey hair makes—"

"Toot! toot! Preaching will now commence," said the Preaching Rider, and we heard no more.

Enigmas, &c.

For the Transcript and Eclectic.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 10, 12, 13, 14 is to bear.

My 5, 6, 12, 13, 14 could have grieved Julia Gilligan

to tears much more than loss of time.

My 13, 14, 15 is a species of tree.

My 5, 14, 15, 16 is the emblem of falsehood and

perjury.

My 5, 10, 12, 13, 14 is a river of South Carolina.

My 5, 14, 15, 16 is a Spanish title of nobility.

and my whole—the dying words of a celebrated

American statesman—should be the watermark of

every true Yankee. W. B.

For the Transcript and Eclectic.

ILLUSTRATED BEEF.



ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

ANSWERS TO THE LAST.

To Illustrated Review—BARKER—(No. 8—Ex-
-patriot)—(Barking dog's version of it.) Answered
by G. D. Tukey; C. Rich.

GOALS!

THE undersigned offer for sale the following choice
selection of Coal:

LEEDS ASH—Franklin, Peach Mountain and Palm,
or Vicks.

WHITE ASH—Black Mountain, Locust Mountain,
White, Broad Mountain, Buck Mountain and
Balsam.

LEHIGH—Spring Mountain and Haslet.

In reply to the inquiry often propounded to us, "Why cannot you sell your coal as cheap as others?" we wish it distinctly understood that we can, and do. Our price is the same as that of other regular, honest and honorable dealers in the city, who, like ourselves, have their Coal thoroughly freed from slate and dust. We admit that we have not sold at as low rates as some others in the trade, nor have we sent our Coal in as bad condition. Every one admires the same, that it is "as cold as gold that glitters." We have no reason to be afraid of it, as we have no coal in this year, this year, and we are confident that our numerous patrons will find it so, upon trial. It costs us something to overland and send it in good order, and we expect a fair remunerating in return. For the sake of our own sake, we cannot, aye, we will not promise Coal as low as the regular rates, in good order, and then send slate, &c., to make our profits. We believe the policy is bad one; others may make money by it; we when not to obtain it by other than honest means. We very naturally price our coal according to the prevailing prices of coal consumers! We buy as mixed and as cheap, have as good a variety, and can and will sell on as favorable terms as any other concern in the State—quality and condition always on hand.

Those who wish to buy clear coal at low prices, we are prepared to sell them as cheap as the cheapest.

We will sell as good coal as the market affords, at from 25 cents to \$2.50 less than the regular rates, and promise it nearer coal to the customer, than ever in good order. Orders for low priced coal always to be accompanied with the cash, for reasons obvious to the thinking mind of coal consumers! We buy as mixed and as cheap, have as good a variety, and can and will sell on as favorable terms as any other concern in the State—quality and condition always on hand.

No coal is permitted to be driven from our scales, until we personally see that the weight is correct, and our scales are balanced, and carts weighed, every morning and noon.

BAKERS & FODDIE,
Richardson's Wharf.

Absent office No. 88 Middle street, opposite the new Custom House.

MEN WITH FAMILIES.

AS WELL AS—

EVERY YOUNG MAN, SHOULD make themselves acquainted with the system and advantages of LIFE INSURANCE exhibited by the

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

of NEW YORK, its Cash Fund being \$3,500,000.

All accumulated during the last 12 years, after allowing for a half million of dollars among widows and orphans, who would have been lost had these upon the world, without the benefit derived from this great and benevolent Institution.

In 1845, (when I became its Agent,) the whole fund of the Company was but \$22,000.

No investment will be found more secure or advantageous in providing for families or friends from poverty or want, in the event of death, than LIFE INSURANCE.

At present, 10 per cent, of the premiums have already been paid by 1,000 policy holders.

Other Large Dividends are soon to be made to those who apply early.

No Agent, whatever his circumstances, should neglect to make this wise and prudent provision for his family or friends to-day. To-morrow is may be too late.

To Young Men, the *repose is here small!*

It was found on the decease of the late

about £10,000.

Many of our DEBT CITIZENS insure with this company. "In